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JUST as the final proofs of this number were passed for the press by the Editor himself has come the news of his unexpected death after a very short illness. Mr. Walter Dexter had a serious heart attack on May 8th and after lying for a week in a critical condition, passed away quietly on May 16th. A tribute to his work for The Dickens Fellowship and to the man himself will appear in the next issue.

WHEN FOUND——

"Ask Miller." When Mr. William Miller was in London (as he was for the first 38 years of the Fellowship) it was quite common practice to say "Ask Miller" when any point arose as to any published article on Dickens; he was a mine of information, and indefatigable in his searches. I was therefore not surprised to receive a letter from him from Boston, Mass., to say that he had discovered at the Boston Public Library something for which we had searched in vain in this country. I refer, of course, to the "Household Words" statement of Mr. G. R. Hall Caine respecting the great claim for freedom of action demanded by the members of our Society at its first annual meeting forty-one years ago. Mr. Miller has sent me a photostat copy of this outburst of two pages. There is nothing in it that calls for any comment, or adds anything to the unvarnished history of our Society which I endeavoured to tell in the Winter Number. It has now been inserted in its proper place in the volume of cuttings relating to the first few years of our existence.

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Mrs. Leo Hunter's Ode. A writer in the "Manchester Guardian," signing himself "Lector" has discovered in a volume entitled "Specimens of British Poetry," published in 1823, a little poem entitled "To a Frog" which may possibly have suggested the famous lines to Dickens. In this case, the "fiends in shape of boys" were evidently vivisectionists, one of the verses running:

> "No savage sage am I, whose power
> Shall tear thee from thy rush-wove bower
> To feel the unsparing knife;
> No barbarous schemes this hand shall try,
> Nor to prolong thy death would I
> Prolong thy little life."

The poem is not signed, but the one immediately preceding it is, curiously enough, by Mrs. John Hunter.

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Those persistent myths. The London "Evening News" in December, in a paragraph specially headed "Heard Dickens Read," said that a certain lady aged one hundred living at Virginia Water, "used to attend penny readings which Charles Dickens gave in Strood National School." The paper made a similar statement a few weeks before about another person. Readings, for which one penny admission was charged, were very popular with the Victorians, but Dickens never gave "Penny Readings"; prices at his Readings

ranged from five shillings to one. But like the little shop in Portsmouth Street, Bumble saying the law is a ass, and Cruikshank as the illustrator of Dickens, these myths still persist.

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Dickens as General Knowledge. Mr. Denis Thompson sends another (the thirty-ninth) General Knowledge Paper set for King William's College, Isle of Man. "There has been the usual difficulty," he writes, "of keeping Dickens out of it." Among the eighteen sections into which it is divided, we find these interesting questions: What Conflagration—(8) only partially pleased Dennis the hangman, (10) was spontaneous. What Exhibitionist—(3) was caricatured by Bob Sawyer. What Sexton—(2) was stolen by goblins, (7) dug up dead languages like a ghoul. Identify the following superscriptions—(4) "Take care of him; he bites"; "Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure."

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Music of Two Cities. We hear that Mr. Tom Arnold has in preparation a version of *A Tale of Two Cities*, with music by a celebrated composer. We hope it will have a longer run than Mr. Albert Coates's clever opera *Pickwick*, produced at Covent Garden in 1937.

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The C.D. Button. "The Times" recently devoted one of its leaders to an interesting dissertation of the P.C. button of the the Pickwickians; it missed entirely the fact that tens of thousands of people, male and female, are to-day proudly walking about in the dark blue uniform adorned with chromium plated C.D. buttons.

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Demand and no Supply. The newspapers are continuing reports of the constant and unsatisfied demand from the armies at the front for Dickens's novels. "The Daily Sketch" recently was very knowledgeable on the subject. "There is always a return to Dickens," they said in a leader, "for the simple reason that his works are composed of material that endures." Two reasons were given why in some quarters Dickens is eschewed; first, the attachment to his works of the forbidding word *classic*; second, the absence of a good, cheap, easy-to-read edition. Alas, for paper restriction, our own appeal to Chapman and Hall brought forth the reply: "We regret that there would not be any possibility of our being in a position to reprint any Dickens titles at the moment or in the near future."

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Agate's Choice. "For the fun of it," Mr. James Agate has been doing "a little anthologising" of his own, so he writes in the "Daily Express" (March 30th, 1944), "avoiding the mistake of saying that these are the six best of anything, or even giving my reasons for preferring them." His six favourite novels are all by Dickens; we do not know if the order he mentions them represents the degree of his liking; but they are P.P., D.C., N.N., G.E., B.H., and L.D.

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In "The Drink." The R.A.F. have a slang term for the sea—"the drink" they call it, and many suppose it to be one of the many such terms coined by the Forces during the present war. But it goes back much farther than that. Dickens no doubt heard the expression when in America, for in Chapter 33 of *Martin Chuzzlewit* the captain of the river steamer, *Esau Slodge*, used it, threatening Martin and Mark "he'd spill 'em in the drink, whereby,"

explains Dickens, " the Capting metaphorically said he'd throw them in the river."

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Highflyers. According to Air Vice-Marshal Bennet, in a broadcast to Australia, the R.A.F. " Pathfinders " are familiarly called " Boffins." We are sorry to find him confessing his ignorance as to the origin of so appropriate a nickname. He has evidently forgotten that in *Our Mutual Friend* Mrs. Boffin was called by her husband " a highflyer at fashion."

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" Empire Pickwick." The Captain of this ship, referred to in our last number as adopted by a Glasgow school, was recently in London, and told the Secretary of the British Ship Adoption Society that they had lately delivered a vital cargo to our Russian Allies. The Liaison Officer at the Russian port, acting as interpreter, was a young Russian girl in her early twenties, who mentioned with pride that she had read all Dickens's novels, and was delighted to assist a ship named *Pickwick*. " What particularly impressed the Captain," writes the Secretary, " was the very wide knowledge of Dickens that their Russian friend possessed, and the high regard in which Dickens is held by the Russians ; and particularly the manner in which they compare his characters and the conditions which he so vividly describes with present social conditions in their own country and other parts of the world. In his own words, ' the girl's observations simply staggered me.' "

The saloon of the *Empire Pickwick* will shortly be adorned with framed pictures of Mr. Pickwick and Dickens which the Fellowship is presenting to the ship.

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The Mystery Again. News that an unfinished novel by the late Hugh Walpole is shortly to be published has re-opened in the press the whole subject of unfinished novels, and especially of the greatest of them all, the unsolved *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. This reminds us that Mr. T. W. Hill has completed " Notes to *Edwin Drood*," which will commence in the next number, but he very wisely refrains from offering any solution as to the possible ending intended by Dickens.

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A Motto from Dickens. Dickens often claims the attention of the Brains Trust ; a short time ago they were asked to supply a motto suitable to commend to a young person just starting out in life. The result was not satisfactory ; the best that could be thought of on the spur of the moment being the particular member's own school motto. Writing to " John o' London's Weekly," a correspondent made a capital suggestion ; she quoted Betsey Trotwood's advice to David, " Never be mean ; never be false ; never be cruel " ; three guiding principles that could scarcely be bettered.

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Our Homes. Mr. T. W. Hill has contributed a chapter on " Dickens's Sense of Home Life " to a volume shortly to be published by the Blandford Press Ltd. The title of the book is not actually fixed yet, but it will probably be " Our Homes—Our Heritage." Other chapters will be provided by Lord Elton, Dr. Hugh Clegg, Ambrose Heath, Claud Golding, S. L. Bensusan, Prof. Philip Leon, Mrs. Eric Kennington, and Doris Metexas.

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Better Late than Never. A branch of the Fellowship established fifteen years ago held this year its first dinner to celebrate Dickens's birthday, and so successful was the function that it is

hoped to make it an annual event. Why has it taken so long to come to this conclusion ? Dickens never hesitated to arrange a celebration dinner.

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American News Cuttings. I wish specially to thank Mr. Andrew Paterson for his many press cuttings from Canadian papers relating to the centenary of the *Carol*. *The Dickensian* subscribes to an agency which provides cuttings from all U.K. press ; these eventually go into the archives at the Dickens House. But Canadian and U.S. cuttings are received only by the kindness of members in those countries. Will they therefore note that any newspaper or magazine article on Dickens will be very welcome. Address them to the editor at the address given on the inside front cover. Thank you.

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Sundries. A dramatised version of *Pickwick* has been produced at the Moscow Arts Theatre.

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Tewkesbury Branch has elected Mrs. Marie Crossman to be its President ; the fourth woman President in its history.

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In New York in April last a first edition of *The Strange Gentleman* was sold at auction for £312.

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A set of 146 letters written by Dickens to Frank Stone between the years 1842 and 1859, mostly unpublished, were sold at Hodgsons in February last for £215.

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A very satisfactory serial adaptation of *David Copperfield* has recently been broadcast in the Children's Hour from London by the B.B.C.

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Many first editions of Dickens's works have turned up in recent "book-drives" for salvage, and have promptly been deposited in local public libraries.

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Two recent films from America, "Johnny Vagabond" and "Uninvited," make mention of the reading of Dickens novels.

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A "trailer" to advertise the latest "Jane Eyre" film showed a couple of slightly Americanised Brontë sisters waltzing with Dickens and Thackeray, probably designed to convey the idea that "Jane Eyre" would be a very unsophisticated picture. "To what base uses——"

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British troops on the Burma border have started a Dickens craze. In some areas all available copies of Dickens, already old and worn, are read, re-read and passed from hand to hand until they are almost falling to pieces.

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Congratulations to the B.B.C. on the recent broadcast in their "Transatlantic Call" series of a tour through a part of Dickens's London. We hope our American readers and a few million others enjoyed it as much as we did.

WALTER DEXTER.

DROOD TIME IN CLOISTERHAM

By T. W. HILL

WHAT period is covered by the story of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*? The investigations of Percy Carden and others have fixed the period as 1842, but there are difficulties in the way of accepting this date as correct, and these difficulties merit examination. Dickens says in Chapter III that "sufficient reasons which the narrative will unfold" oblige him to disguise the name of the central scene of the story, and it would appear that equally "sufficient reasons" make the period equally difficult to determine.

Consider the illustrations. Charles Collins, who designed the monthly wrapper before a word of the book was written "made his designs from her [Kate Dickens's] father's directions." It may therefore be assumed that Dickens approved of the wrapper as we see it, and approved of the way in which the figures in the design are dressed. Looking closely at these costumes we see that they are all, male and female, of the period 1869-1870 when the book was written. In the top section Rosa is wearing the polonaise of the sixties and Edwin is garbed in the morning coat and light trousers of the same period. On the opposite side Jasper's side-whiskers—"mutton-chops"—are of the same date. All the other male figures wear the ordinary everyday costume of the sixties and seventies; note especially the light overcoat or surtout of the figure facing the lantern in the lowest centre panel. Observe also, on the left, the lady whose hand is being kissed; she wears the hat and light veil of the late sixties.

Now look at Luke Fildes's pictures, also drawn under Dickens's personal directions and doubtless drawn with the utmost care, as they are the work of a young and ambitious artist of twenty-six who would be only too anxious to earn the approval of the most popular novelist of his day. The top-hats of all the men are "dated" as of 1868-69 and so are the frock-coats; Edwin's jacket in "Under the trees" might be the identical velveteen jacket that Fildes wore in his studio—the style was just becoming fashionable for artists. The pianoforte and the stool in "At the piano" are of 1865-70. The young ladies' costumes and the maid's dress in "Goodbye, Rosebud, Darling," might have been drawn from a fashion-plate of 1869, and quite possibly they were. The neckwear of the three men in "On dangerous ground" are of the same period and so are Edwin's light trousers with the dark stripe down the leg, and so is the dust and soot collecting fringed mantel-board of the fireplace, and also the hideous coal-scuttle. In fine, judging by the cover and the illustrations which, in the circumstances of their inception and execution, must be regarded as integral parts of the story, Dickens was writing what we should call nowadays a "modern novel," that is to say a novel of his own day—1870.

The modernity of the book is shewn also in the incident of Rosa's hat. In Chapter XXI Rosa, at Furnival's Inn, "asked if she should put her hat on," and then "withdrew for the purpose." Now hats did not become ordinary wear for women until about 1860 or a little later; up to that time every woman, from Queen Victoria downwards, wore a bonnet (often with a veil); when hats became fashionable, elderly ladies like Miss Twinkleton clung to their bonnets, and we know that that lady brought her bonnet-box to London.

But another aspect of the question of the date is seen when we discuss Mr. Sapsea's age. He was "much nearer sixty years of age than fifty." Let fifty-eight be assumed. "In his infancy" he had known a patriotic toast:

" When the French come over
May we meet them at Dover."

He did not drink the toast, for it was " in his infancy "—say, when he was about eight years old—but a child of that age would remember his elders raising their glasses in 1804, the year Napoleon's army was encamped at Boulogne seeking an opportunity to invade England. If Sapsea were eight years old in 1804 he would be fifty-eight in 1854, and on this reasoning the time of the action of the book is the 'fifties, which does not agree with the period of the pictures.

Is it possible to draw any definite conclusion from the third sentence in the book ? " The well-known massive grey square tower of its old cathedral." The view in the vignette on the title-page (which it is quite possible Dickens never saw) shows this to be Rochester. The history of Rochester and old prints of the city indicate that originally the fourteenth century tower was surmounted by a rather squat spire. That spire was removed during " restorations " in 1823 and the square tower embellished by corner pinnacles as shewn in Fildes's drawing ; and this was the tower with which Dickens was familiar all his life ; for during his early boyhood at Chatham he probably would not pay any particular attention to the tower of Rochester cathedral, and he was only eleven years of age when he was brought to London in the same year that the spire disappeared. The pinnacles were not taken away and a spire reinstated till 1904, long after Dickens's death. On these considerations the date of the story would be after 1823.

Another line of enquiry suggests itself with regard to Christmas Day. In the book this festival fell upon a Sunday (Chapter XII), and this might happen in 1836, in 1842, in 1853, in 1859 or in 1864. Carden votes confidently for 1842, backing his opinion with the scanty railway facilities referred to later. This date would, however, clash with all the other considerations examined so far.

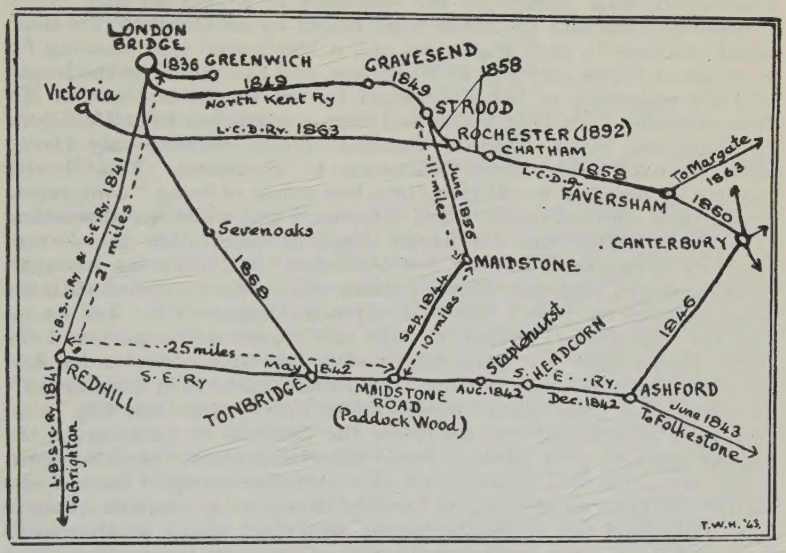
Another pointer may help a little with our enquiries: this time from the illustrations only, and not from the text, which in Chapter XXII sends Lieutenant Tartar's boating party " up the river " from Temple Stairs. Fildes's picture shews that they got as far as Putney, and Dickens must have approved. The ugly timber bridge shewn in the background, with its double toll-house astride the roadway, was built in 1845, so by this evidence the period of the story is later than 1845, and takes us a little nearer the date suggested by Sapsea's age.

That boating trip started from Temple Stairs, and so we get further help, for the Stairs were replaced, when the Victoria Embankment was constructed in 1864-1870, by the present handsome double flight of stone steps. We see therefore that from these two paragraphs that the date of the story is between 1845 and 1864. This period would suit Sapsea's age, and also give a year when Christmas Day fell upon a Sunday as 1853 or 1859 are available, but not 1864, as probably the Temple Stairs were not in use during the building works on the Embankment: if they were the narrative would have said so, as Mr. Grewgious's hat and Rosa's hat would be in fashion about 1864.

Another reference appears to point to the same period. In Chapter XVII Canon Crisparkle remembers his college days when he had known " professors of the Noble Art of Fisticuffs " (*i.e.* prize-fighting). At the Haven of Philanthropy the Canon recognised " the counterpart of a deceased benefactor of his species, an eminent public character once known as Frosty-faced Fogo." The palmy days of prize-fighting were from about 1750 to 1850, the last great fight taking place between Sayers and Heenan in 1860. (Dickens took an interest in this fight and procured tickets for it for a friend.) Fogo, whoever he was, was dead, but he must have been someone whom Dickens remembered. Canon Crisparkle's age was 35, and if the story was a modern one

(1869-70) his university days were about 1853 to 1856, and this would agree with some of the foregoing results.

Let us try again. In Chapter XVII there is a reference to an "unfinished and undeveloped railway station." The name is not given for the "sufficient reasons" that keep the name of Rochester out of the book, but if Rochester is disguised as Cloisterham the station must be London Bridge, for Rosa "came into London over the housetops," and none of the other London stations approached "over the housetops"—Waterloo, Charing Cross, Cannon Street, Fenchurch Street and Broad Street—would fit the conditions of the story, including the fact that Neville, after seeing Canon Crisparkle off, walked the streets and "crossed the bridges." London Bridge Station has had, since its beginning, so many additions and adjustments that it necessarily remained "unfinished and undeveloped" for years. Opened in 1836 as the terminus for the Greenwich line, it served the same purpose



in 1841 for the Brighton line; in 1842-43 for the line to Folkestone; for the North Kent line to Strood in 1849: and each of these additions and adjustments so held up its completion that Dickens's story might have its action any time after 1836 until the time when he was writing.

The Carden theory that the date was 1842 appears to receive support from a paragraph in Chapter VI, so it may be worth while to comment on the passage rather closely. "In those days there was no railway to Cloisterham, and Mr. Sapsea said there never would be. Mr. Sapsea said more: he said there never should be. And yet, wonderful to consider, it has come to pass, in these days [*i.e.* 1869-70] that express trains don't think Cloisterham worth stopping at." (In fact, there was no station at Rochester till 1892.) Here, then, is evidence that the date of the story may be any time before 1858, which, while justifying the statement about Sapsea's age, would also include a Christmas Day on a Sunday in 1853, and might even be applicable to 1842, though that would rule Sapsea out.

The accompanying sketch map (not to scale) is compiled from materials very kindly supplied by Mr. T. S. Lascelles, who has also given considerable help with this section. Reference to the map will assist in understanding the geography of Cloisterham.

Neither Strood (North Kent Line) nor Rochester Bridge (L.C.D. Railway), also called Strood at some periods of its existence, can have been intended as the station used by Jasper and Rosa as that station is little more than half a mile from the Nuns' House, and a coach or an omnibus would not be necessary; moreover its connexion with Rochester is not "from an unprecedented (? outlandish) part of the country by a back stable (no thoroughfare) way" but by the main coach-road from London to Dover which passes within 300 yards of it. Another sentence from the same chapter reads: "Some remote fragment of Main Line to somewhere else there was," and this seems to refer to the South Eastern Railway Line from London Bridge *via* Redhill to Folkestone, opened for traffic as far as Headcorn in August, 1842. Where that line crosses the road connecting Tunbridge Wells and Maidstone there was a station called Maidstone Road: this is 21 miles from Rochester by road ("remote" and "in the days when Cloisterham took offence at the existence of a railroad afar off"). Maidstone Road and Rochester were linked by an omnibus ("a short squat omnibus"), say, about two and a half hours' ride allowing for a change of horses half-way at Maidstone, and this might be the length of Joe's endurance of being squashed by the weight and size of Mr. Honeythunder. In 1844 a line had been constructed from Maidstone to Maidstone Road, renamed Paddock Wood, leaving only eleven miles of road travel from Maidstone to Rochester. This shorter journey by omnibus would give Joe a less ordeal of being "compressed into a most uncomfortably small compass," and while less distressing than the 21 miles from Maidstone Road, it would allow the date of the story to be later than 1842, but not before 1844. It must, however, be remembered that this shorter journey cannot be reconciled with the time occupied by Rosa's trip to London in Chapter XX. Let us see how her time would be filled in. She saw Jasper in the garden of the Nuns' House after the afternoon service—say at 5 o'clock: by 5.30 she was indoors fainting, writing a "hurried note to Miss Twinkleton" and packing a "few quite useless articles into a very little bag"; so that by 6 o'clock she was ready for the omnibus to take her to the railway station; that journey would take her from 6 o'clock to about 8.30; the train was waiting, for Joe put her straight in, and she started for London, arriving at London Bridge at about 9.45; then a cab would land her at Staple Inn at 10 o'clock just "as the clocks were striking." But unfortunately this will not do, for, on consulting the railway time-table for 1842, it is seen that the train was not timed to get to London Bridge till 10.15, which, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

Now, turn to Chapter XXIII, where Princess Puffer tracks Jasper—"I'll not miss ye twice." The porter at the hybrid hotel tells the Puffer that Jasper will return to Cloisterham "at six this evening." Puffer will "be there before ye and bide your coming," so the "poor soul stands in Cloisterham High Street . . . until nine o'clock, at which hour" the omnibus "that plied betwixt the station and the place" would arrive. Now, if the Puffer caught the 1.30 train from London Bridge, she would get to Maidstone Road at 3.46 and to Cloisterham at about 6.15, and would have to wander about the High Street for nearly three hours. Her next train from London, the 4.10, reached Maidstone Road at 6.16, and the omnibus would reach Cloisterham about 8.45, in which case, instead of "getting through the time as best she can until nine o'clock," she would only have a quarter of an hour to wait. Now examine Jasper's movements, again consulting the time-table. If he left the hybrid hotel "at six this evening" how could he catch the last train from London Bridge, which left at 5.30? And even if he did he would not reach Maidstone Road till 7.46 and

Cloisterham till about 10.15. It is all very puzzling, and adds to the difficulties of fixing the period of the story.

[A minor point arises, although it need not affect our enquiry as to the period. Why did Dickens send his characters by such a roundabout way to and from London as to involve a journey of 67 miles (21 miles by omnibus and 46 by rail) including a change of vehicles at Maidstone Road ? He might have sent them by road-coach direct from Rochester to London, which is only 29 miles, or 8 miles further than from Rochester to Maidstone Road. Such a coach journey would take about three and a half hours without a change, whereas the combined coach and railway journey took nearly five hours.]

The results of the enquiry can now be briefly summarised:

1.	The cover and the pictures .	Point to a time about 1869.
2.	Rosa's hat . . .	Any time after about 1860.
3.	Sapsea's age . . .	About 1854.
4.	Cathedral tower . . .	Any time after 1823.
5.	Christmas Day . . .	A wide choice—1836, 1842, 1853 or 1859.
6.	Putney Bridge . . .	After 1845.
7.	Temple Stairs . . .	Before 1864.
8.	Frosty-faced Fogo . .	Between 1850 and 1860.
9.	Railway station . .	After 1836.
10.	Railway transit . . .	Apparently between 1842 and 1844.

It seems quite impossible to find any common focus. As soon as one line of enquiry leads to one goal, another line leads otherwhere. One can only conclude that Dickens was not writing a topographical and historical account of Rochester-Cloisterham, nor was he troubling much how his various allusions and references could be reconciled one with another. He was writing what promised to be a masterpiece of *fiction*—a novel, a modern novel, with an interest perennial in its appeal. One can almost see his mind at work: " I will write a modern mystery tale: where shall it be ? Rochester I know best, but I must not call it that ; let us say Cloisterham—that has a cathedrally sound ; I can then refer to the localities with safety, especially to the cathedral tower, and I need not mention the castle at all, as I shall not want it for my mystery: I must tell Collins the costumes may be modern: I must have an old " Jackass " as every drama has a jackass, so I'll invent Sapsea ; someone is sure to say later that his name is an anagram of ape and ass ; Christmas shall be the critical time—I'll make it fall on a Sunday, the year won't matter, as I don't suppose anyone will check it, so I need not worry about looking up a calendar: what about travel ? I must get the people to London, as every reader will expect something about London in any book of mine ; I must make it more difficult than it would be nowadays, and, anyway, there is no railway station at Rochester, and I don't suppose there will be for years: I shall want a boat-trip up the Thames, so I'll use Temple Stairs ; I used them in *Great Expectations*, and they'll do again: as to period, well, I don't know, but any time about the middle of the century will do, I should think . . ."

ANSWERS TO WHERE FOUND?

(*See page* 63)

1, LD I 3 ; 2, BH 5 ; 3, LD I 1 ; 4, GE 25 ; 5, DC 1 ; 6, BH 8 ; 7, BH 3 ; 8, DS 12 ; 9, OMF II 7 ; 10, PP 33 ; 11, PP 21 ; 12, TTC II 14 ; 13, PP 1 ; 14, OMF IV 5 ; 15, LD I 26 ; 16, OT 31 ; 17, MC 21 ; 18, BH 45 ; 19, DS 2 ; 20, CC 3 ; 21, OMF I 5 ; 22, DC 5 ; 23, GE 20 ; 24, DS 11 ; 25, UT 12 ; 26, DS 32 ; 27, Chimes ; 28, DS 23 ; 29, DC 25 ; 30, BR 36 ; 31, TTC II 1 ; 32, OMF I 6 ; 33, NN 22 ; 34, LD I 16 ; 35, HT 1 ; 36, CH ; 37, GE 2 ; 38 OT 13 ; 39 LD I 13 ; 40 BH 11 ; 41, BH 8 ; 42, NN 2 ; 43, UT 6 ; 44, PP 51 ; 45, UT 21 ; 46, GE 20 ; 47, OCS 73 ; 48, UT 32 ; 49, BH 32 ; 50, OMF III 13.

A NOTE ON THE PAYMENT FOR "PICKWICK"

ALTHOUGH Dickens wrote to his future wife one Wednesday evening—the letter is otherwise undated—that Chapman and Hall had offered him "£14 *a month* to write and edit a new publication," and that although "the work will be no joke, the emolument is too tempting to resist,"* this was not an exact statement of the arrangement he had made with the publishers.

As a matter of fact, the amount arranged to be paid was "nine guineas per sheet of 16 pages demy 8vo, containing about 500 words in a page—of which we should require one sheet and a half every month."

The first number of *Pickwick* exceeded the one sheet and a half by two pages, making 26 pages in all; the second number contained the exact 24 pages. The payment therefore for the first two numbers worked out at £29 10*s.* 0*d.*, and we know that on March 29th, 1836, just before the publication of the first number, Dickens received the sum of £29 from Chapman and Hall.†

Consequent on the death of Seymour, from the third number onwards, the number of pages was increased to thirty-two, for which Dickens should receive £18 18*s.* 0*d.* But it would seem that after discussing the proposed increase in the size of the monthly number, Dickens, in a letter dated April 27th, 1836, asked if they would object to give him Twenty guineas for the two sheets until the appearance of the fourth or fifth number, when the scale of payment could be increased according to the sale increasing, as they expected. He asked for the payment to be made twenty guineas at once. "It would only be an addition of Two pounds per number," he added.

It is probable that Chapman and Hall fell in with this arrangement.

During August or September, 1836, another arrangement was made with the publishers, and confirmed by Dickens in an undated letter (the approximate date is fixed by another reference in the letter), and under this he was to receive "£25 per month after November 8th." This was only in accordance with the original proposal confirmed in the letter of the publishers dated February 12th, 1836, that "Should the publication prove very successful we shall of course be very happy to increase the amount in a proportionate degree."‡

We do not know if this monthly rate was ever again increased, but Dickens wrote to the publishers on November 1st expressing gratification at their report of the success of the publication "and the consequent advantage it holds out to me."

We have no knowledge of what was the rate of later remuneration. It is said that at the dinner to celebrate the first anniversary of the publication, Dickens received a present from the publishers of £500. This is probably correct, for there is in existence a receipt in Dickens's own hand dated November 18th, 1837, for the sum of £643, "being the balance of the consideration money for the licence to print and publish and for the purchase of two-thirds of the copyright of the Pickwick Papers." A facsimile is printed on the opposite page.

With this money in hand, Dickens opened his first banking account with Coutts & Co. the following Monday with a deposit of Five hundred pounds.

W. D.

* Original letter in the British Museum. Facsimile in *The Dickensian*, 1936, pp. 119-21.

† See facsimile receipt in *The Dickensian*, 1936, p. 12.

‡ See Letters published in *The Dickensian*, 1937, pp. 5-9.

Received November 18th. 1837 of
Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the sum
of six hundred and forty three pounds,
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A GREAT CANADIAN DICKENSIAN

By NOEL ROBINSON
(President of the Vancouver Branch)

IN the death of His Honour Judge Frederick William Howay, Canada has lost a great Canadian, an historian, lecturer, and semi-public man ; British Columbia has lost one of its most distinguished and esteemed citizens ; and the Vancouver Branch has lost its Honorary Life President and one of its most beloved and saturated Dickensians, who was also one of the two Vice-Presidents from this Dominion of the parent organisation in England. During the year preceding his death Judge Howay was the first President from Western Canada of the leading cultural body of the Dominion, the Royal Society of Canada. He had for some years been Chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. Many volumes from his pen commemorated the exploits by sea and land of explorers and pioneers, especially the early fur-traders of the North-West, and he was recognised as the leading historian of British Columbia. He was born in London, Ontario, in 1867, and was brought to New Westminster (founded by the Royal Engineers from England) by his parents when a child of three. There, fourteen miles from Vancouver, he lived all his life, except when on his travels all over this continent and in Hawaii.

But it is in his capacity as a Dickensian that, as one of his closest personal friends, I would pay a necessarily brief tribute to his memory in the pages of *The Dickensian*, which for many years he read from cover to cover. The Judge was a picturesque figure of small but sturdy build, fresh-complexioned, judicial in features and with one snow-white curl upon his head. In appearance he might have been a character from the pages of Dickens. Annually his address to the Vancouver Branch was a high-light of the winter session. These addresses were at once acute, witty and eloquent. In later years he chose for his subject some comparatively minor character from one of the master's books—such, for instance, as Newman Noggs from *Nicholas Nickleby*—and showed how consistently the author had, throughout the novel, woven the subsidiary life and experiences of a minor character into the fabric of the whole.

Upon many occasions Judge Howay impersonated Dickens's characters in costume and make-up at the " Twelfth Night Revels " of the New Westminster Fellowship of Arts.

A widely read man and a classical scholar, he was as familiar with the Age of Chaucer, the Elizabethan Era, and the Age of Anne as he was with the works of Dickens.

Despite the fact that he had never visited England he was saturated in its literature and lore and was more familiar vicariously, through reading, with the beauty spots of its countryside and its historic buildings than most Englishmen. There was not a neighbourhood or building made familiar by the pen of Dickens that he did not know in all its details.

Personally he was the soul of hospitality, joviality and kindliness. He had all the attributes of a wise and firm judge—he held a record in that none of his decisions had been reversed—yet always he tempered justice with mercy. He felt that Dickens had rendered a great service to the administration of the law in England by the criticisms in his books of its shortcomings in his time and he gave one of his best addresses on this subject. He had a genius for friendship and will be greatly missed by our Dickens Fellowship, but it will be easy to keep his memory green.

Judge Howay was preceded in the Honorary Life Presidency by the late F. C. Wade, K.C. (for five years Agent-General for British Columbia in London and a great collector of Dickensiana), like himself a Canadian born. He is succeeded in that office by Hon. Justice Sidney Smith, another highly esteemed legal light here, who was at one time a master-mariner of deep-sea vessels and who is now a Supreme Court judge as well as judge of the Admiralty Court, a popular speaker upon Dickens and Shakespeare as well as upon sea life in the days of sail.

FOR SALE.—*The Dickensian*, 1920-1939, with title pages and indexes complete ; unbound. Send offers to A. E. Culpin, 223 Pensby Road, Barnston, Wirral, Ches.

RAMBLING ABOUT "BLEAK HOUSE" WITH A FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADIAN

By Mgr. EMILE CHARTIER, M.A., L.Litt., LL.D., Ph.D.
(Vice-Rector of the University of Montreal)

I

NEARLY forty years ago, while a student in Europe, I happened to spend six months in South Devonshire as an occasional chaplain to the local recruits of the British Army and Navy. In such a quality, I often tramped over the banks of that peaceful river, the Ply, over which Brunel, a Canadian of French descent, has thrown a bridge of such handsome appearance. Up the neighbouring hills I dwelt, on a kind of observation spot, in a castle or manor called Beaconsfield Hall. From the height that stood behind the castle one could glance at the three sister-cities, Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport.

The manor, once the residence of Lord Cecil, was connected with the main street, leading from Plymouth to Devonport, by a long side road which ran along the estate of a very well-off family, that of Lord Beauchamp. The chaplain had to follow this road three times a week in order to perform his duties towards the soldiers and the Navy recruits at the hospitals, in the schools, and even at the military jail. So attractive was the scenery that he used to trot up and down with his own natural means. On the way he happened to cross all kinds of people, poor men and women of the working class, office and bank clerks, Sisters of the Poor or lay teachers, sometimes also clergymen who rowed the same boat as he did, although not with the same paddle. They all spoke kindly with the stranger and often many half-hours elapsed before he could set himself back into the beautiful section of the manor that had been so friendly placed at his disposal for the time of his sojourn.

Yet, however late he walked in, the chaplain found the castle so much more pleasant on account of the delays he had encountered. Its company's kindness appealed more deeply to his heart. And, when considering the matter over, he deemed that, far from spoiling time on the way, he had spent it in the most profitable manner. For he had become acquainted, in this lower section of Great Britain, with the English classes, English thought, English life, and the religious standing of England.

These happy days suddenly flashed to my memory, while I was recently re-reading *Bleak House*. For, at each new chapter, I experienced exactly the same feeling as I did on my way to and from Beaconsfield Hall. I had decided not only to reach "Bleak House," that cheerful country-place, but to visit it throughout and even to abide in it, if the owner would only grant me hospitality as he did to Skimpole.

But, all the way along, I crossed people of all sorts, people belonging to every class and of every description, endowed with personal characters so captivating that I spent most of the trip outside the gates. And, when at last I entered the porch of the one "Bleak House," of the happy "Bleak House," I found it quite different from what it appeared to be in the distance.

II

The first interesting feature I met with was a lad. "Having had," as he said, "no father nor mother," he could not even tell his family name. They called him Jo; and that was all he was sure about himself, being a "know-nothing" of the worst kind. He certainly

belonged to that unfortunate class of children for whom society in those days could provide nothing but its slums and asylums, and who were but inclined to escape from such dark tenements and tramp under the shelter of God's sun. The lad looked just as much frightened by me as he seemed to be afraid of himself. When I saw him keep along the stone-fences and wood-yards, I had some trouble in discovering why he behaved that way. I was told later on that he had answered the charitable care Esther Summerson had taken of him by inflicting upon her the microbe of a cruel disease. He also had lead to a graveyard both a suit-writer, once a brilliant officer, and a lady who afterwards is found dead at the gate of the same graveyard. Then I thought that the story of Captain Hawdon, of Lady Dedlock and of Esther Summerson, would lack one of its most necessary features, had not Jo played his part in it. And I understood better the oration delivered over his dying-bed: "The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead, Your Majesty! Dead, my lords and gentlemen! Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order! Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts! And dying thus around us every day!" (Chapter XLVII).

Then came along George the trooper; at first I wondered what the Shooting Gallery had been brought in for; but I soon was informed. George had afforded assistance to many poor people; he had allowed the miserable Jo and the unfortunate litigant Gridley, to die peacefully under his roof. Moreover, he was the son, the mad son at first, the repenting son at last, of Mrs. Rouncewell, the housekeeper at Lady Dedlock's. For having been so mad, suspicion fell upon him that he had been connected with the strange murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn, Sir Leicester Dedlock's attorney. And all this brought it clear to me that George had to interfere with the story of "Bleak House," were it only to explain Mrs. Rouncewell's character and to help Inspector Bucket in his task.

Since George is in the right place, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet are bound to be found there too, so as to strengthen George to the last. For Mrs. Bagnet is George's best adviser, as the real magnetiser she is, although her husband candidly believes her to express nothing but his wisest thoughts ("Old girl, give him my opinion, you know it. Tell him what it is."). On account of her sympathy to the trooper no one wonders when Inspector Bucket proceeds to arrest George in order to hide his pursuit of Mlle. Hortense, that the scene is performed in Mrs. Bagnet's residence.

The Shooting Gallery calls for the Dancing Academy. One may question what Mr. Turveydrop has to do with the plot or why his son Prince is implied in it. Well, there are, in England as in all countries, people who believe Deportment to be the essential trait of social life. In order to be consistent with their conviction, they must open schools where to teach Deportment by themselves or by means of others. And so there would be something wanting, in the picture of English society, if that class was not represented in it. Prince thus becomes a need for the story, so much more that he will secure for Caddy the dear friend of Esther, the protection she requires.

This Caddy herself would be out of place but for the hearty friendship that Esther has bestowed upon her from the very beginning. And one cannot sever Caddy from Mrs. Pardiggle, but less from the authors of her life, Mr. Jellyby and the wonderful Mrs. Jellyby. Through the latter's presence one becomes acquainted with that variety of people who, closing their eyes upon the actual misfortunes that cry at their very door, look far away for imaginary miseries to which to devote themselves. As a social observer, Dickens had to des-

cribe the African Borrioboola-Gha scheme. He had, as a leader in the social struggle, to throw the weapons of his irony against Mrs. Jellyby and all those wretched mothers who care for Indians and negroes, and let their own offspring starve and chill and even die in their deserted and dirty lodgings. On such an unreasonable behaviour Dickens has bitterly expressed his feeling, when he painfully drew from the lips of Mr. Jellyby the cunning advice to Caddy: "Never have a mission, my dear child."

Vividly contrasted with the painstaking-for-nothing Mrs. Jellyby, Skimpole sums up in himself those who fancy that they are not born to make others happy, but that the whole world has been set rolling by the Almighty for their own personal satisfaction. While his wife and children starve at home, Mr. Skimpole, fond of nature and art, specially of music, spends most of his time at Mr. Jarndyce's, leaving others to look to his family and even to pay his debts. A thrilling character he is, who bears the one idea of his being an adornment to society and who therefore relies upon it to provide for his needs. As Jo is the "knownothink" and Mrs. Jellyby the "much-ado-about-nothing" in the play, so is Skimpole the "do-nothing."

In this picture of English classes, as they appeared in Dickens's times, one more feature would be desired, had not the novelist introduced Mr. Chadband. That the English mind willingly feeds itself on religious matters is obvious from the fact of Mr. Chadband being called to deliver a sermon, and being listened to, in the dwelling of Mrs. Snagsby. But if ever proof was needed to the effect that religion and religious preachers are often quite alien to each other, that proof Mr. Chadband's orations would readily afford. It is not easy to imagine anything more awkward than the speech with which the minister blesses the table before the meal or the argument by which he hopes to turn poor Jo's materialistic brains towards heavenly light and supernatural thoughts. Such a parody of the holy words is enough to prevent people even from suspecting the existence of an after-life. Fortunately, Esther's simple devotion to God compensates for Mr. Chadband's extravagancies.

III

After this bird's-eye view of the religious conditions of his country, Dickens turns his observing eye towards her financial classes. He has no trouble to discover that, in England as everywhere on earth, many people are ready to allow others to take advantage of their wealth, provided the loan affords them high interest. It was with the intention of stigmatising that class that Dickens drew the characters of old Smallweed and his family. The heartless Shylock, by loaning his money, believes himself to be the saviour of the distressed, while, in fact, he is led by one only desire, that of exacting the last drop of blood from the veins of the poor. Dickens has revealed to us how deeply he felt the unkindness of such proceedings when relating the supreme deed of the old wretch. In place of allowing George the trooper chance for refunding the loan, the usurer remits his unfortunate borrower straight into the hands of his lawyer. And Dickens seems to be convinced that such a process is the worst adventure that may happen on earth to an honest man.

For now we are confronted with the monster. I mean the character which is the nucleus of this most complicated novel, "Jarndyce and Jarndyce." The case thus called—for it is a lawsuit—offers a most significant specimen of the diplomatic way in which attorneys protract a judicial case. They sometimes hold it so long that, when the verdict is found, not a farthing is left of the coveted estate. Every cent has been spent "in trickery, evasion, procrastination, spoliation,

botheration, under false pretences of all sorts," " in all sorts of blank forms of legal process ; in skins and rolls of parchment ; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whitey-brown, and blotting ; in stamps, in office quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax and wafers ; in red tape and green ferret ; in pocket-books, almanacs, diaries, and law-lists ; in string-boxes, rulers, ink-stands—glass and leaden, penknives, scissors, bodkins and other small office cutlery."

Concerning the special case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, when the Lord High Chancellor is about to deliver the judgment, we are informed that Miss Flite has added to her collection such birds as " Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon and Spinach." At last, after the same Lord High Chancellor has put an end to this " Monument of Chancery practice," following Mr. Kenge's assumption " that on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions and forms of procedure in this great cause, there has been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, high intellect," it is found " that the whole estate has been absorbed in costs " and " that thus the suit elapses and melts away." Is not then Mr. Boythorn simply right in giving John Jarndyce this ominous advice: " If I were in your place, I would seize every Master in Chancery by the throat to-morrow, and shake him until his money rolled out of his pockets, and his bones rattled in his skin ! "

From a social point of view, this most pitiful ending of all suits entered in the King's High Chancery Court is the main object of Dickens's *Bleak House*. His aim here, as often elsewhere, appears to be a moral one. He attempts to turn people away from legal contests by disclosing the evils they all bring forth to the miserable suitors. This aim how he tried to reach it, it is ours to appreciate.

What exactly purports the Jarndyce and Jarndyce case ? Although the elements of the cause are somewhat scattered among so many side-features, it is not a vain attempt to draw at least the main lines of it.

Tom Jarndyce, the ancestor, has bequeathed an estate. There must have been some inaccuracy in the framing of his will, for some of the heirs contend they have not been granted their proportionate share. They oppose the will in the Chancery Court, where the suit calls forth a whole battalion of lawyers such as Kenge and Vholes, of law-stationers as Snagsby, of law-writers as Nemo, of office clerks as Guppy.

Two distant cousins happen to be among the heirs, John Jarndyce and Richard Carstone. Two young and fair ladies were also connected with the suit, Ada Clare, a cousin to Richard, and Esther Summerson. The latter is related to no party in the cause, but comes in as a companion to Miss Clare. While Richard is left to himself to provide for, Ada, having lost her parents, becomes the ward of the Court. But the Court acknowledges it has no special capacity for wardship, and therefore the care of her is handed to John, the last of the Jarndyces.

Richard dives head-first into the suit and keeps in it to the end, under the guidance of Vholes, until he dies heartbroken after learning that the expected shillings have vanished. On the contrary, Jarndyce skilfully stands by and leads a peaceful life in his Growlery of Bleak House (for he has remained a bachelor). The reason of this seclusion is that, according to his views, the suit, which was " once about a will, is about nothing but Costs, now." He is tired of " appearing and disappearing and swearing and interrogating and filing and cross-filing and arguing and sealing and motioning and referring and reporting and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites and equitably waltzing himself off to dusty death about Costs."

Since the Court has entrusted to him the care both of Ada Clare and Esther Summerson, he resolves to act as a father to the wards. So that they be kept busy, Esther is made the housekeeper, while Ada is supposed to support her in her task. Hence the plot really begins. Ada soon finds herself to have fallen in love with her cousin, Richard ; they marry secretly and leave Bleak House to dwell in London. There, within the grasp of the monster, they lead the most dreadful life, although it is soothed by their mutual love. Almost at the same time, Jarndyce feels himself inclined to make Esther the " little mistress of Bleak House." She shows herself so gentle that their marriage would soon take place, were it not that, of a sudden and in succession, some unexpected events burst forth.

The first is a strange disease which poor Jo unwillingly inflicts upon the ward. It keeps Esther for months after months locked in her room, away both from Ada and her Guardian. Once she has recovered her beauty is so terribly altered that her hopes of a marriage appear to be for ever set aside. Then, while she was resting one day under the trees in the meadow, she perceives a lady walking towards her through the neighbouring park of Chesney Wold. The lady reveals herself to be Esther's own mother, who had handed the child, when she was expected to die soon on account of weakness, to her sister Mrs. Barbary. Further on, Esther learns that, if she is the daughter of Lady Dedlock, her father is not Sir Leicester, but a certain Captain Hawdon, who, known by the nickname of Nemo, had been found dead by Mr. Snagsby. At last Esther is paid attention to by Allan Woodcourt, a surgeon she met during a short stay at the seashore. Mr. Jarndyce, as soon as he takes notice of this new acquaintance, generously renounces the cherished hope of his marriage to Esther. He hands her as a wife to Allan and grants them an estate where to spend a long and uncloudy life. And so the novel ends, as all honest novels should, in happiness and joy.

(To be concluded)

A BROADCAST FROM WELLINGTON (N.Z.)

Mrs. Cruttenden, of the Wellington (N.Z.) Branch, broadcast a tribute to Dickens on the Birthday, which, according to the resulting correspondence, has done much to rekindle the flame of interest in Dickens. She boldly attacked those critics who, for want of anything better to say, were loud in proclaiming that his works show no literary style ; even if that were true, said the speaker, he had something much better than that to offer in his great humanity, his passionate love for children, and his great heart for the down-trodden and oppressed. Dickens was the master of racy, easy dialogue by which his characters revealed themselves in their own language, a gift not possessed by many writers of fiction ; his characters prove to us that the God-given flowers of love, pity, charity and faithfulness can bloom even in the vilest surroundings. That was the magic of Dickens which makes him the living force he is to-day.

DICKENS *v.* REX

In a lecture given the Edinburgh Branch in March, Mr. Mather Chalmers pointed out that the time in which Dickens lived was a period of transition, with many attendant evils, in dealing with which the voice of Dickens was not the only one to be heard. Disraeli and Kingsley in their novels, Carlyle in his pamphlets, Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the realm of poetry, and Lord Shaftesbury as a philanthropist, had all contributed their share, but Dickens had possibly a wider influence through the popularity of his novels. Dickens had kept himself clear of party and creed, and he was too big and natural a man to be labelled. His story-telling enabled him to appear in the great Court of Humanity as an advocate who dared to expose inefficiency and sham whenever found, and who pleaded the cause of the poor and helpless.

CHARACTERS IN WAITING

(From *Edwin Drood*)

" Jack Chinaman, t'other side the court; but he can't do it as well as me . . . It ain't in him. He ain't got the true secret of mixing, though he charges as much as me that has, and more if he can get it." Chs. 1 and 33.

* * *

" The lady who undertakes the poetical department of the establishment (Miss Twinkleton's Academy) at so much (or so little) a quarter." Ch. 3.

* * *

" Mrs. Dean and Miss Dean " with whom the Dean was " at present ' in residence.' " Ch. 2.

* * *

" Foolish Mr. Porters," the " certain finished gentleman who revealed a homage of the heart " to Miss Twinkleton. Ch. 3.

* * *

" The departed Tisher, a hairdresser." Ch. 3.

* * *

Parents of Mr. Grewgious—" I was the only offspring of parents far advanced in life, and I half believe I was born advanced in life myself." Ch. 9.

* * *

Mrs. Bud " drowned so early in her beautiful and happy career." Ch. 11.

* * *

"A mysterious lady, with a child in her arms and a rope dangling from her neck " who had " been seen flitting about by sundry witnesses as intangible as herself." Ch. 12.

* * *

Mr. Sapsea's father, represented by a wooden effigy over his premises " about half life-size, in a curly wig and toga, in the act of selling." Ch. 4.

* * *

The jeweller " knowing on the subject of a bracelet "; who " had an inventory in his mind of all the jewellery his gentleman relative ever wore." Ch. 14.

* * *

The " scolding landlady " at the Tilted Wagon, who " slapped a moist baby (with one red sock on and one wanting) in the bar." Ch. 15.

* * *

Tartar's uncle " disappointed in the service, leaving me his property on condition that I left the Navy." Ch. 17.

* * *

Bazzard's father, who, " being a Norfolk farmer, would have furiously laid about him with a flail, a pitchfork, and every agricultural implement available for assaulting purposes, on the slightest hint of his son's having written a play." Ch. 20.

* * *

The " Unlimited head chambermaid " of the hotel at Furnival's Inn who " had laid in everything omitted from the very little bag (that is to say, everything she [Rosa] could possibly need)." Ch. 20.

BY OTHER NAMES—I

What were the real names of the following:

1. The Aged.
2. The Artful Dodger.
3. The Avenger.
4. John Barsad.
5. Alfred Beckwith.
6. Biler.
7. Blandois.
8. Morris Bolter.
9. Alice Brown.
10. The Cherub.
11. The China Shepherdess.
12. Cleopatra.
13. Coavinses.
14. David Crimple.
15. Charles Darnay.
16. Deputy.
17. Mr. Dick.
18. Digby.
19. Dismal Jemmy.
20. Deady.
21. Mr. Dolls.
22. Charles Fitz-Marshall.
23. Gaffer.
24. Mr. George.
25. The Golden Dustman.
26. Hamlet's Aunt.
27. Julius Handford.
28. Lagnier.
29. Lignum Vitae.
30. Little Blossom.
31. Little Miss Impudence.
32. Man from Shropshire.
33. Rose Maylie.
34. Monks.
35. Tigg Montague.
36. Nemo.
37. The Old Soldier.
38. Pip.
39. Provis.
40. Pussy.
41. Richards.
42. Rob the Grinder.
43. John Rokesmith.
44. Short.
45. The Single Gentleman.
46. The Shepherd.
47. The Spider.
48. Stoney One.
49. Tattycoram.
50. Tiny Tim.
51. Toughey.
52. Waldengarver.
53. Weevle.
54. Jenny Wren.
55. The Zephyr.

(*The Answers will appear in the next number.*)

TWICE TWENTY-ONE

THE FELLOWSHIP IN RETROSPECT

By WALTER DEXTER

VI. Financial Chaos and a Crisis (1906-1908)

I

MY last backward glance was at the time I became a member of the Council, to find it encumbered with an altogether unnecessary expenditure, and with constantly dwindling funds to meet the commitments in which it was involved. As with so many other societies, financial considerations were the very last of their many deliberations. That may be all right for a small society; but the Fellowship was growing in size and importance as befits a child of three years.

The office of Financial Secretary and Treasurer, held by Sidney Marriott, was not proving entirely successful. It was almost one for a financial expert, which Marriott was far from being; he was too easy-going as regards money, and inclined to be extravagant.

Too much of his time was taken up in an elaborate system of entering each new member's name (whether from London or branches) on a roll, and issuing a separate receipt for each subscription, even to a branch when such a duty should have fallen on the local secretaries. In those days too, a certificate was issued to each new member, and as these were joining at the rate of about two thousand a year, with a corresponding number of renewals, the amount of work involved was enormous for a spare-time officer.

There is also little doubt that Marriott felt keenly the distinction between himself as an honorary official, and Ley a paid officer with all the privileges at Council meetings accorded by the description "Honorary." He was very conscious of and jealous for his position, and during his second, and last, year of office, there was an undercurrent of friendly antagonism between the two, Marriott feeling that Ley, as a full-time official, was not "pulling his weight."

Although there was a Finance Committee, it seldom met; indeed, too little attention seems to have been given to finance, most of the Council's time being devoted to settling points of difference with the branches and to the development of two schemes: one, the acquisition of the library of the late F. G. Kitton, a fairly straightforward scheme, to which we have already referred; the other, a rather more ambitious scheme, the establishment of a Convalescent Home for children, came to naught.

The general state of affairs can be judged from a report from the Treasurer at the first meeting in 1906: "Cash in bank £50; liabilities uncertain." The Finance Committee apparently felt that this was hardly the sort of report a "Financial Secretary" should submit, for at the next meeting they submitted "that the period had now been reached when the Council should be informed exactly how matters stood." The season was nearly half-way through, and in spite of the strong appeal to members to increase their subscriptions to meet the Secretary's honorarium, income from this source was actually £90 down; and there were liabilities of £235 estimated to the end of the financial year, with only £50 in the bank.

But nothing seems to have been done about it. The leading members of the Council were true Micawbers, for at the very next meeting, when a public appeal for the Convalescent Home scheme was being discussed, and there was a chance of a daily paper taking up the matter, it was resolved that the Fellowship open the list with a donation of £50!

Marriott's next report read: "Cash in bank £52 16*s.* 3*d.*, Cash in hand £2 10*s.* 0*d.* Liabilities are heavy, but our credit on 'Change is very good." How typically Micawberish; to say in effect, "Here is a whole pile of debts which nobody is worrying us to pay, so why need we trouble ourselves?"

But Ley took the matter more seriously; perhaps he saw a possibility of his honorarium vanishing! At the next meeting, as there was no report from the Finance Committee, he made the proposal, "That a committee be appointed to enquire into the constitution of the Fellowship and to consider how it can be placed on a better basis." The Finance Committee was thereupon given instructions "to find out how it was that from a state of comparative prosperity our finances have fallen into such a serious condition."

As though the reason was at all far to seek!

The Revision Committee, as it was called, made only a halfhearted nibble at the problem; it proposed to save expense by abandoning the regular monthly meetings of members, and at the same time to raise the subscription to half-a-crown. The first proposal was accepted, but the second was negatived, as it was manifestly foolish to increase the subscription and curtail the meetings. The Micawber atmosphere still prevailed; had the meetings been continued and the subscription raised, there would have been some sense in the proposal, but the fetish of the shilling subscription was still paramount.

The only practical proposition put forward by the Revision Committee was that as the society was reaching such large proportions, it should no longer be governed by a Council elected principally by London members (on which, be it said, every branch had already a right of appointing a representative) but that its broad policy should be governed by a Conference to be held each year at a different branch. This suggestion met with general approval, with the result that the first annual Conference was held in Manchester the following October, the forerunner of a long series of enjoyable social and business functions far-reaching, and healthily wholesome in their effect. At about the same time, the Finance Committee issued a report condemning the expenditure during the year as "somewhat reckless" and finding that "the methods of the Treasurer are not those on which an ordinary business concern could be run." Charitable funds had been mixed up with ordinary monies, and the accounts showed a deficiency of close on £170. They recommended that the books should be kept by the Hon. Secretary, and that the Hon. Auditor should be asked to prepare and audit accounts at once, and that a careful stock-taking should take place. The audited accounts then revealed that the nine months' working had resulted in a loss of over £140, and there were liabilities amounting to £132 10*s.* 0*d.*

The Finance Committee later complained that there were several discrepancies between the audited accounts and the books as examined by them before making their report. The auditor had not presented a detailed account, and Ley and I were appointed to ascertain how the various items had been made up. I think I must have been chosen, partly because I was a newcomer and had not been a member of either committee that had already reported, and partly because I was a business man, which so many of the Council were not. We set to work at once, and our report was a very strong indictment of the finances. "It is impossible," we wrote, "to prepare a proper balance sheet owing to the utter lack of care with which the books have been kept, and the state of something like chaos in which they are now. No ledger accounts have been opened during the year, and the only books are the petty-cash and cash books; the latter, we may add, agrees in no way with the bank pass-book." Our final figures of

liabilities and balance agreed with the auditor's, with one small exception. We criticised the Finance Committee for lack of supervision which "would have prevented this state of things and rendered unnecessary the extremely unpleasant duty which has now been executed by us."

This final remark was no mere piece of verbiage. Both Ley and I keenly felt the position in which we had been placed. We were both under thirty at the time, the two youngest on the Council, juniors by ten years to the next older. The Marriotts' house had been thrown open to Ley, who was living alone in lodgings, and he had thoroughly enjoyed their hospitality.* but we had had a rather unpleasant duty thrust upon us, and probably the older members were glad to shift to our younger shoulders some of the less agreeable of their duties.

The immediate result was that Marriott was relieved of his office, and Ley combined the duties of Treasurer with his own until the Conference, Matz being appointed to sign cheques in conjunction with him.

The Council certainly had its hands very full, and made every effort to cope with the unfortunate position. In this year (1906) no less than twenty-one meetings of the Council were held, instead of the statutory twelve.

In preparing the balance sheet for the year, the Hon. Auditor (a chartered accountant) found that an amount of a little over £15 was due to the Fellowship by the Hon. Treasurer, owing to his casual methods of book-keeping. This was eventually paid into the bank just on the eve of the Manchester conference ; the auditor signed the balance sheet, and any shadow of unpleasantness was thus dispelled. Marriott attended the Conference, and was re-elected to the Council ; but Matz became Hon. Treasurer.

The balance sheet showed a surplus of a few pounds. This, however, was achieved only by including in the income the whole of the profit on *The Dickensian*. The monthly meetings in London, a feature of the work of the Fellowship since its inauguration, ceased in April, 1906, the only meeting during the next session being the birthday recital by Henry F. Dickens in February, 1907.

When it was decided to drop the London meetings, it was expected that more branches would be formed in London to compensate for loss in revenue, but this object was not attained as the only new branch proposed (at Hampstead) never matured. The Fellowship paid a very successful visit to Bath in the summer, and in December the Dramatic Society produced "The House of Dombey" ; and a performance at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, in aid of Sir William Treloar's Christmas Hamper Fund for crippled children, resulted in over £80 for the charity after paying all expenses, the first big financial success for the Fellowship.

In July, 1907, a Pickwick Exhibition was opened at the New Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly. This was organised principally by Matz and Miller. It ran successfully for two months, but resulted in a small financial loss, due, I think, to the inadequate sharing-agreement with the proprietor of the Gallery, and to the expenses of carriage and insurance of the exhibits exceeding the original estimate. But this was more than counterbalanced by the outward success of the exhibition, and the amount of publicity it secured for the Fellowship.

Membership had reached its peak in 1906, there being just over five thousand on the roll, spread over thirty-seven branches. During the next year, the fifth, although branches increased by two, the

* One of the daughters, Kathleen, was the backbone of our Dramatic Society, of which I was Hon. Secretary. What a capital Little Nell, Marchioness, Susan Nipper, Miggs, she made in the plays I helped to write specially adapted to suit our clever little company.

membership dropped by 462. This was reflected in the accounts for 1907, which, after again including the *Dickensian* profit, showed a deficit of roughly £36. To meet this it was decided at the Conference (in London, this year) to raise the subscription of London members to half-a-crown, and to revive the monthly meetings—a good step in both directions. T. W. Tyrrell, a bank official, was elected Hon. Treasurer in place of Matz, and E. P. Frith, C.A., son of the artist, was elected Hon. Auditor.

The Conference expressed its dissatisfaction with the state of the finances, especially noting the lack of details in the audited Accounts. The new Council therefore elected an entirely new Finance Committee, consisting of a representative of a branch (G. W. Davis, Birmingham), E. H. Tomlin, and myself. This was a strong committee, Tomlin being an accountant with the well-known firm of Whinney Smith and Whinney (who became the Fellowship's Hon. Auditors in 1916 and have acted in that capacity ever since). Davis was a schoolmaster, lately turned publisher of school books, and had a good knowledge of book-keeping and business methods. I had often to visit Birmingham on business, and as he was often in London for the same purpose, we had many meetings. The Council set an evening aside to consider finances, and a detailed report was circulated to all branches, showing a balance in hand of less than £12, with liabilities amounting to £145. It was clear that the deficit might easily reach £200 by the end of the year unless something were done to stop the rot ! The Secretary's honorarium naturally came up for consideration. It was felt that Ley was not devoting sufficient time to Fellowship work, and he was requested to attend regularly at the office during certain stated hours. Ley tendered his resignation. A small committee was formed to find ways and means of tiding over the difficulty ; some of the very old creditors were pressing, and we did not want them to make application to the President, or to any of the vice-presidents, as they might have done since the liability of the members was not limited. An appeal was made to branches for financial support. This, however, met with little response ; which is not surprising seeing that the branches themselves were in very similar difficulties, due to the small subscriptions to which they were still adhering.

It would probably have been best to have accepted Ley's resignation, but the Council had no successor in view. The work of the Hon. Secretary, now that it combined that of the Financial Secretary, was an exacting one ; at the very least it entailed four hours' work each day, and every day ; and there was nobody prepared to give up that amount of their spare time to the office. Although £80 per annum may not now seem a sufficient remuneration for the work entailed, thirty shillings a week was not then poor payment for three or four hours' work daily. Ley was naturally not anxious to give up so agreeable an appointment ; he met the position by offering to accept £52 per annum, with a promise to attend the office every afternoon, and at other times by appointment. Although the funds could not stand even this reduced expense, the Council, hoping for better times, accepted the proposal, rather than boldly face the position then and there. The decision was taken for want of any better arrangement ; they could not help themselves at this juncture.

In order to relieve the embarrassment over finance a loan of about one hundred pounds was raised in sums of £6 and £10, the following being the lenders : C. Burton, W. Dexter, G. W. Davis, E. P. Haslam, S. Marriott, B. W. Matz, E. Tomlin, O. Walford, H. Snowden Ward, J. Cuming Walters, and T. Webb—names to be remembered forever in our annals ! They were the people who saved the Dickens Fellowship !

The accounts at the 1st September, 1908, showed a little better state of affairs than was anticipated, as over £30 had been received in answer to an appeal to branches and others; but the deficit still stood high, being close upon a hundred pounds.

Meanwhile the Finance Committee had overhauled the books, and Davis expressed his opinion that they were not properly kept and that until somebody who understood book-keeping took them in hand the result would be a continuance of the muddle in which he had found them. Tomlin, being greatly concerned at the state of affairs, planned a fresh set of books, and resolved to keep an eye on them. Tyrrell, who had not in any way proved himself any improvement on the Treasurers who had preceded him, was not put forward for re-election to that office, and I was nominated in his stead, with a firm resolve to see that the financial side of the Fellowship should have full and proper attention in future. But this appointment was all part of a great change that was coming about in the management of the Fellowship, and which proved to be the prime factor in its complete recovery and healthy life ever after.

During the whole of this year I was Vice-Chairman of the Council, with H. Snowden Ward as Chairman. Ward was one of the staunchest men remaining over from the original committee. It was unfortunate for the Fellowship that his business so often took him away from London; he was a man of very sound judgment and far-sighted vision.

The year had been a very important one for the Fellowship, but it was soon realised that it was impossible to continue to carry on successfully and at the same time pay £52 per annum to the Hon. Secretary. It was also thought that it might benefit Ley to be released from a part-time job, to enable him to obtain more lucrative full-time employment elsewhere. Ley agreed with us, and in September, 1908, the Council passed this resolution: "That in view of the desire of the Council still further to reduce the debt of the Fellowship, it is proposed that the Secretary's honorarium be discontinued, and that this be a recommendation to the Conference." Ley was to be nominated for a seat on the Council.

The matter of a successor had already been the subject of much thought, as the work was too great to be undertaken by any honorary official in spare time; a small Committee of Management had been suggested, one of which should deal with correspondence, one would keep the membership roll and issue receipts and certificates, one would keep the books, and one would act as Hon. Treasurer, supervising accounts and assisting with the correspondence.

This tentative scheme was not submitted to the Conference, but the following resolution was put before them: "That it be left to the Council to arrange for the performance of Secretarial and other duties for the coming year with power to pay any necessary charges for work done." (Of course, no member of the Committee was to receive any fee, but power to incur expense for assistance, if need be, was necessary.)

As a beginning to economies, the office at Whitcomb House was given up. Chapman and Hall kindly placed at our disposal an empty upper room in Henrietta Street for Council and other meetings, but as we did not wish to use their address an arrangement was made to continue in return for a small fee to use Whitcomb House as the official address.

The Conference amended the first resolution of the Council, to read that the present rate of Honorarium payable to the Hon. Secretary should be continued until the 31st March, 1909—in spite of the fact that not only was the Fellowship in debt, but that each year was now

being run at a loss. As a protest against this amendment I withdrew my nomination for the office of Treasurer ; but the branches were too strong in voting power against the Headquarters' representatives. Ley did not express his unwillingness to accept the amendment, as I had hoped he would. Yielding to an appeal from my London colleagues, I withdrew my objection and was elected Hon. Treasurer, which post I held for eighteen years ; until, in fact, I undertook the editorship of *The Dickensian* in 1925.

There were changes in the Council ; that year, both Snowden Ward and E. P. Haslam retired. Haslam returned after Ley left London, but only for a short period ; he took umbrage because the Council refused to print a report on the work of the Charitable Guild (of which he had long been chairman), which would not have done credit to the Fellowship. Shortly afterwards the Charitable Guild was dissolved as a separate body, and the work it had hitherto undertaken was carried on under the Council's immediate direction.

(*To be continued*)

SOME DICKENS PATIENTS

COMMENTING on " Charles Dickens : Neuro-psychiatrist," by Dr. W. Russell Brain in " The London Hospital Gazette," " The British Medical Journal " (April 11th, 1942) said : " Dickens was a specialist in eccentrics, and he seized upon the eccentricities produced by nervous disease as a rich field for his descriptive genius." As a neurologist Dr. Brain is impressed with the fidelity of Dickens's clinical records of nervous disease. " He had no medical training, and lived and wrote when little was known about the physiology of the nervous system and nothing of cerebral localisation, yet his description of nervous symptoms are so detailed and accurate that they can justly be compared with those given by clinicians of genius. Let Dickens demonstrate some of the cases to us." The first is a case of head injury from *Great Expectations*. The patient is Mrs. Joe Gargery, the blacksmith's wife, and the narrator is her young brother Pip. From the data Dr. Brain has no difficulty in diagnosing a severe contusion of the left temporo-parietal region causing jargon aphasia and word deafness and some traumatic dementia, with injury to the 3rd or 6th cranial nerve leading to diplopia. Case 2 is that of the second Mrs. Dombey's mother, who suffered from cerebral arterio-sclerosis, and his commentator notes the skill with which Dickens conveys the relentless progress of the disease, with its insidious onset and catastrophic exacerbations. Not only does he draw an accurate picture of the course of cerebral arterio-sclerosis, but Dickens shows here that he knows that loss of speech is associated with paralysis of the right side of the body and that in such cases there may also be agraphia. The last hours of old Anthony Chuzzlewit give Dickens an opportunity to describe a series of convulsions resulting from cerebral arterio-sclerosis and ending fatally. In *Bleak House* Dr. Brain finds no flaw in Dickens's picture of Mrs. Smallweed's senile dementia ; and here too, side by side with her, is grandfather Smallweed, an almost immobile victim of primary lateral sclerosis. Many other forms of mental and nervous disorder are well portrayed in the novels. " No better example of chronic hypomania could be found in a textbook of psychiatry than the lunatic gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby*, who made advances to Mrs. Nickleby over the garden wall . . . the elation, grandiosity, flight of ideas, amorousness, and loose paranoid delusions are all typical." Simple-minded Dr. Dick in *David Copperfield* is neatly docketed as a high-grade mental defective, and Dr. Brain quotes a favourite passage—David's first meeting with his great-aunt and Mr. Dick at Dover—to show the concrete type of thinking which in such defectives replaces normal abstract thought. Some other characters are briefly mentioned, such as the Fat Boy in *Pickwick Papers*—" surely the first recorded case of narcolepsy associated with obesity "—to make the point that when Dickens became a novelist medicine lost a great clinical observer. Well, we have his novels, and here is a colleague to help us enjoy them again as doctors.

NOTES ON *BLEAK HOUSE*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 70)

4. PEACE WARRANT. This is a warrant for the arrest of a suspected person, signed by a Justice of the Peace.

5. WORN PENS. That is, quills that require cutting afresh by a penknife. See Chapter III, Note 8, and Chapter X, Note 4.

6. WAXY. Schoolboy slang for angry.

CHAPTER XXV

1. TOOTING ORPHANAGE. See Chapter X, Note 6.

2.—NIMROD. See Chapter XIII, Note 6.

3. TIMBREL. An ancient, and modern, musical instrument; nowadays known as a tambourine. Its use here is doubtless a bit of "local colour" to associate it with the presence of the Rev. Mr. Chadband.

4. WINDOWS OF HIS SOUL. An ancient simile found in many parts. "These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul" Du Bartus (1514-1590). Shakespeare has:

> "Under-peep her lids
> To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
> Under these windows."
>
> "Cymbeline," Act II, Sc. 2.

And:

> "Into the eye and prospect of his soul."
>
> "Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV, Sc. 1.

5. GREEN BAIZE ROAD. The road to gaming and gambling. Boards for indoor games are often covered with green baize or cloth, *e.g.* billiards, bagatelle, card tables, roulette, etc. "Gentlemen of the green baize road" is, of course, Dickens's way of comparing gamesters and cheats to "Gentlemen of the Road," the name given to highwaymen.

6. LEICESTER SQUARE. From here to Soho has been well known as a "foreign quarter" since the seventeenth century. Very few continental languages cannot be heard during a quarter-of-an-hour's stroll in this neighbourhood.

7. HOB. The ledge or shelf to be found in most old-fashioned fire-grates. It was very handy for keeping the contents of cooking utensils warm, but has nearly disappeared with the introduction of barless grates and sunk fires, or open hearths.

8. STANDS HIS PIPE. The pipe must have been a long clay "church-warden." One would not stand a brier or a meerschaum so near the fire.

CHAPTER XXVI

1. I SEE *THE* MARSHES (not Dickens's italics). "The" marshes probably means Kentish marshes not far from Chalk, where Dickens had spent his honeymoon; he was to make them play a great part in the plot of *Great Expectations*.

2. ANYTHINK. See Nothink (Chapter XVI, Note 4). Jo should have said somethink instead of something two or three lines further on.

3. CORNWALL, DEVONSHIRE OR LANCASHIRE. English wrestling rules differ in different localities, and the three mentioned are probably the best known. Still different rules prevail in Cumberland and Westmorland.

4. FIGURE CARRIED IN CHAIR. The skinny old bag-of-bones Grandfather Smallweed must indeed have looked like the stuffed figure of a Guy Fawkes such as the street-arabs used to carry between them on November the fifth to entice passers-by to "spare a copper." If a chair could not be procured the figure was carried in what in the nursery is called a "bandy-chair."

5. VEINOUS. If ever this word was current it is now obsolete. The word usually used is veined, and the only use of veinous in the dictionary is a quotation from *A Tale of Two Cities*.

6. INTO THE STRAW. The custom, lasting till the late 1880's, was to strew the floors of buses and cabs with loose straw for warmth. Decidedly melly for old Smallweed to fall into unless the straw were fresh.

Chapter XXVII

1. POPPET. The same as puppet (O. Fr. *poupette*). A term of endearment for a small child implying that it is a doll or plaything.

Chapter XXVIII

1. QUEER START. A start is one of the slang terms for anything that startles or surprises, but without quite so strong a meaning. A "queer start" may be also a "rum go."

2. OLYMPUS. The abode of the gods, a very appropriate point of vantage for the "supercilious Mercury," even if it were only a porter's chair.

Chapter XXX

1. MISS WISK'S MISSION. The emancipation of Woman. See also Chapter LXVII, Note 2.

Chapter XXXI

1. SPRINKLE A LITTLE VINEGAR. Harold Skimpole, in spite of his insouciance, occasionally made use of his early medical experience, especially if it would conduce to his own safety and comfort.

2. THROWN ON THE WIDE WORLD. The remaining two lines of the verse (also quoted by Silas Wegg), were :

> "A stranger to pleasure, to comfort and joy,
> Behold little Edmund, the poor peasant boy."

Chapter XXXII

1. BELL RINGS AT NINE O'CLOCK. The ringing of this curfew for the closing of the gates of the Inn was suspended in 1939 when church bells were silenced by the Government during the World War, but resumed with all the other bells in May, 1943.

2. ARGUS. The hundred-eyed. A very apt simile for the appearance of the windows of the offices lit by their candles. (After Argus's death his eyes were transplanted to the tail of his favourite bird, the peacock.)

3. SOME GOOD ACCOUNT AT LAST. Dickens, in his own inimitable way, takes the whole of Doctor Watts's Divine Song as an allegory of the evening work in the lawyers' offices. Here is the complete poem :

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for ev'ry day
A good account at last."

4. YORICK. The reference is, of course, to Yorick, whose skull was thus addressed by Hamlet : "Alas, poor Yorick . . . a fellow of infinite jest . . . where be your jibes now ? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? " Hamlet, Act V, Scene 1.

5. LISTEN TO THE WATER FALL. This phrase occurs in the Earl of Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot" (1799), at one time very popular with choirs and home singers.

6. SELLING LUCIFERS. Sulphur matches, so-called in compliment to the regions from which Lucifer came.

7. PUTTING UP SHOP-SHUTTERS. It was after nine o'clock, but there was no Shop Hours Act in those days.

8. CABBAGE HEAD AND WINDING SHEET. Modern wax candles with satisfactorily made wicks do not exhibit these phenomena, as did the ancient tallow candles (farthing dips) with coarse wicks. A cabbage-head was the bloated unconsumed end of the wick, and a winding-sheet was the guttering down the side of the candle. See also Chapter X, Note 14.

9. OLD BOGUEY. Usually spelt Bogey ; anything likely to give a fright, especially to children.

10. HOVER ROUND ONE FLOWER. An oblique reference to MacHeath's song in the Beggar's Opera.

11. SLYBOOTS. That is, fox; Dickens's epithets for Krook seem inexhaustible.

12. THIN RED CORD THEY TIE UP PENS WITH. Quill pens were sold in bundles of a dozen each, the nibs being protected by a light green thin cardboard case emblazoned in gold with the maker's name, secured by thin red cord (not string) having two tiny tassels or tufts at the ends.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1. PHOENIX. The various Fire Offices (modern Insurance Companies), Sun, Royal, etc., maintained their own fire-fighting apparatus, including fire-engines, fire-escapes, salvage corps, etc. The London Fire Brigade was not formed till 1833. The following lines (in imitation of Robert Southey) appear in "Rejected Addresses" (1812) by James and Horace Smith. They include a good list of the Insurance Companies of the period:

> "Now come the men of fire to quench the fires;
> To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,
> Hope gallops first, and second Sun;
> On flying heel
> See Hand-in-Hand
> O'ertake the band!
> View with what glowing wheel
> He nicks
> Phoenix!
> While Albion scampers from Bridge Street, Blackfriars."

2. OBLEEGING. The genteel French pronunciation persisted among certain classes till late in the nineteenth century; it indicated special politeness and formality, and sometimes, as perhaps in Grandfather Smallweed's case, veiled sarcasm.

3. "SET." A term taken from the ballroom; to face and bow to one's partner. Grandmother Smallweed would apparently "set" to a chest of drawers or a bookcase.

4. KING DEATH. A song, words by Barry Cornwall (B. W. Procter) (1787-1874), music by S. Neukomm (1778-1858):

> King Death was a rare old fellow,
> He sat where no sun could shine,
> And he lifted his hand so yellow,
> And poured out his coal-black wine;
> Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

5. PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS. One of the principal publications (the other is the Proceedings) of the Royal Society of London, containing articles and special lectures on philosophical subjects. The whole of this paragraph shews that Dickens had taken immense pains to consult all the authorities up to his time on the subject of Spontaneous Combustion of the human body. He also refers to the subject in the preface. Modern research, with more refined and reliable methods of enquiry, has caused it to be generally discredited, and very few people now have any belief in the scientific possibility of this form of death. According to the *Lexicon Medicum* (1848), "there is no evidence that the ignition ever arises in the body itself."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1. GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM. "The girl I left behind me" is a seventeenth century song (words and music); it is now used as a quick-step by military bands returning from funerals.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1. OUTSIDE SHUTTERS TURNED UP. Shutters that are hinged horizontally may still be occasionally seen on cottages in remote villages. [There are several at Blewberry in Oxfordshire.]

CHAPTER XXXVII

1. LITTLE PITCHERS. The ears (*i.e.* handles) of earthenware pitchers are of a more or less uniform size for convenience of holding, and therefore those

of little pitchers seem proportionately larger; so we get the well-known adage here referred to: "Little pitchers have long ears," meaning "children hear as much as grown-ups."

2. HIS'N. Dialect for his own; the "own" is, of course, redundant as "his" is the possessive adjective.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1. CRAMP-BONES. A cramp bone is the patella of the sheep. Its possession is reputed to be lucky.

2. HALF-BOOTS. Boots reaching half-way to the knee.

3. PUT UP MY VEIL. It will have been noted that the prevailing (almost universal) costume for women out of doors was at the period of the story a bonnet with veil and a long shawl. The fashion arose in compliment to Queen Victoria's mode of dressing. In "The Times" of August 29th, 1843, we read that, for a marine excursion on Southampton Water, "the Queen was dressed in a claret-coloured silk dress, over which she wore a Paisley shawl worked with green; she had on a straw bonnet with green feathers and ribands." The veil was usually a deep one and made of tulle, which, while transparent enough for the wearer to find her way about, rendered her face practically invisible to other people. Esther's veil served to screen from inquisitive eyes the ravages of her recent illness; she put it up on purpose to embarrass Mr. Guppy. The actual putting up was an elaborate process, as it involved arranging the veil over the top of the bonnet so that it fell gracefully down to the shoulders.

4. EXTRA-PAROCHIAL. Literally beyond the limits of the parish authority although the place might be geographically within the parish boundary. This is why Mr. Guppy stresses the point: "Thavie's Inn within the City of London but extra-parochial."

CHAPTER XXXIX

1. SYMOND'S INN. Not one of the inns of Chancery, although the Register Office of the Court of Chancery was kept there early in the eighteenth century. Demolished in 1873; No. 22 Chancery Lane now occupies the site.

2. BLUE MINUTES OF EVIDENCE. These documents are usually printed on pale blue foolscap paper. Parliamentary Returns, Acts, etc., are called Blue Books from the colour of the wrapper. White Papers are issued without a wrapper.

3. IXION. King of Lapithae, punished by Zeus for treacherous ingratitude, being chained to a fiery wheel which rolled forever in the sky.

4. DEVIL'S TATTOO. Skeat derives tattoo from two Dutch words meaning the shutting off of a tap [in a public house] and so closing business for the day. By transference the word tap (onomatopoeic for a slight knocking) was applied to the military drum, and nowadays a "Tattoo" is a military parade in which drums are a prominent feature. The Devil's Tattoo is a drumming or tapping of the fingers on the table and generally signifies anxiety or impatience. Tattoo as applied to coloured designs on the skin has no relation to the foregoing; it is a Tahitian native word.

5. RECORDING ANGEL. The angel who keeps a record of the earthly doings of all human beings for production at the Day of Judgement. Sterne (1713-1768) refers to him in "Tristram Shandy," Chapter 49: "The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever."

6. FORTUNATUS. The possessor of an inexhaustible purse of gold. This German folk-story is as old as the fifteenth century, and was dramatised by Thomas Dekker in 1600.

7. DANCER AND ELWES. Daniel Dancer and John Elwes were both well-known misers of the eighteenth century and almost exactly contemporary. Dancer (1716-1794) lived with his sister, but she died first. He died worth nearly £250,000. Elwes (1714-1789) inherited his peculiar virtue (if it was a virtue). His mother inherited £100,000 but starved herself to death. Her father-in-law, Sir Harvey Elwes, left £250,000 but never spent more than £110 a year. John himself would rather sit in wet clothes than incur the cost of a fire, having first got wet through to save coach hire. He

died worth half a million pounds. Dickens uses these estimable gentlemen again in *Our Mutual Friend.*

8. WE'RE A' NODDIN'. The familiar Scotch song :

" We're a' noddin'
Nid, nid, noddin'.
We're a' noddin'
At our house at hame."

9. PANTALOONS. A polite name for trousers ; from the garment worn by the Pantaloon in pantomime.

CHAPTER XL

1. NO PILOT TO WEATHER THE STORM. Sir Leicester Dedlock was nearly always a pessimist in political matters, especially where the Coodles and Doodles were concerned, and he *did* miss William Pitt, " the pilot who weathered the storm " for a former generation.

2. TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK. Father Time is always represented in a long white robe, with a scythe over his shoulder to mow down human beings, and an hour-glass to time his visits. He has a bald head except that he has a long lock of hair hanging down from his forehead. To take him by this forelock is to sieze an early opportunity so that he may not be first with his scythe. The full proverb runs : " Take Time by the forelock for he is bald behind."

CHAPTER XLII

1. SKIPPING UP AND DOWN HIS LADDER. When the street lamps were fitted with oil lamps and afterwards with gas, the lamplighter went round every night to light up and every morning to extinguish the lights. He used a ladder and every lamp-standard was fitted with an arm against which the ladder rested. This arm had been known to be used by unruly mobs for the purpose of lynching by hanging a victim of their anger.

CHAPTER XLIII

1. POLYGON. The Polygon was situated in Clarendon Square, off Seymour Street, Somers Town, and was a ring of houses with their back gardens and yards facing to the centre of the circle. In one of the somewhat pretentious houses William Godwin lived, and there his wife, Mary Wollonscraft (the mother of Shelley's wife) died in 1797. (The Polygon was nearly new then.) Dickens lived there for a short while in 1829, and perhaps the Skimpole menage occupied the same premises. The Polygon was pulled down in 1891, and blocks of artisan dwellings now fill the centre of the square.

2. LIKE THE DOGS IN THE HYMN. The allusion is not quite accurate, but Harold Skimpole is not the first by any means to misquote the Divine Song by Isaac Watts from which the original comes. Here it is :

" Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to."

CHAPTER XLVII

1. BLUE JACKETS. Sailors ; and soldiers are still called Redcoats, although the scarlet tunic has nearly disappeared except for ceremonial occasions.

2. POST TO PILLAR. A reversal of the usual saying " from pillar to post." This proverb derives from the manage, an old word for a training school for horses ; the arena had a pillar in the centre and posts at intervals round the circumference. So, to run or be driven from pillar to post was to have no fixed purpose but to wander haphazard.

3. INDENTURE OF SEVERAL SKINS. An indenture is a deed under seal entered into between two or more parties. Formerly the parchment skins, in duplicate, were joined by an indented (toothed) line for easy separation. Modern indentures still usually have a wavy top edge reminiscent of this ancient custom, although it is no longer necessary.

4. BEDLAM. A Cockey corruption of Bethlem, itself a shortened form of St. Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics.

Chapter XLVIII

1. GETOUTOFBEDANDBAWTHSTABLISHMENT. This wonderful collocation of letters is the debilitated cousin's reference to Lady Macbeth's behaviour in "Macbeth," Act II, Scene 1, when the King was murdered. "I heard a voice cry . . .Sleep no more ! to all the house."

2. FOND OF WAT. This should, of course, be Watt, the correct name of the ironmaster's son (see Chapter VII, Note 9). Perhaps the name Wat was in Dickens's mind through his associating Wat Tyler's name with Sir Leicester Dedlock's opinion of the industrial classes of the North, although indeed Wat Tyler's rebellion of 1381 came from the South.

Chapter XLIX

1. REDDEST-LETTER. Important saints' days and holy days in the Church Calendar were marked by the use of red instead of black printing. Hence reddest gives special emphasis to the importance of the occasion.

2. DAY'S MARCH. See how Dickens adapts the proverb, "You won't find such another in a day's march" to the laconic style of Mr. Bagnet's conversation. A day's march in the military sense is about fifteen miles. On Sundays, soldiers during peace time seldom march out, perhaps by reason of the Hebraic law which forbade walking beyond the bounds of the encampment on the Sabbath, but the Jews were allowed to take a "Sabbath day's journey" of about 2000 yards—just far enough for those to attend synagogue who lived on the outer confines of the encampment.

3. BRITISH GRENADIERS. A sixteenth century song (words and music) now used as the regimental march of the Grenadier Guards.

4. CHAUNT. A spelling of chant (a song or melody) now obsolete except when used to describe the chaunter (the pipe that gives the tune) on the bagpipes.

5. BELIEVE ME IF ALL . . . One of Moore's Irish Melodies. It is necessary to quote the whole verse in full to appreciate Mr. Bagnet's love of it :

> "Believe me if all those endearing young charms
> Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
> Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms
> Like fairy-gifts fading away,
> Thou would'st still be adored as this moment thou art,
> Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
> And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
> Would entwine itself verdantly still."

One cannot help wondering how Mrs. Bagnet liked to be alluded to as a "dear ruin"; yet it was the means of "inducing her to approach the altar."

6. OUGHT TO IT. A provincialism for "ought to do it." Dickens puts the expression into Peggotty's mouth in *David Copperfield*.

7. CAP BORDER. All babies used to wear a little tight-fitting bonnet made of muslin or lace, with a pretty lace frill (often goffered) round the front edge and encircling the face. Exposing children's heads to the fresh air was unknown and deprecated.

8. YOUR NECESSITIES . . . A neat application of the world-famous saying of the dying Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen, 1586.

Chapter LIII

1. FAMILIAR DEMON. A demon or spirit supposed to attend at a call; often shortened to "familiar" as in Shakespeare :

> "Where is Pucelle now ?
> I think her old familiar is asleep."
> (1 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 2.)

2. AUGURS. The ancient Romans had a College of Augurs who pretended to predict future events by noting the habits of birds. (The word is derived from Latin *avis*, a bird, and *gur*, a telling). Therefore nobody from the highest to the lowest would undertake any serious matter until the Augurs had been consulted.

3. BEREAVED WORMS. The footmen and menials who were supposed to share the mourning of their masters. See Chapter LVI, Note 3.

4. SACKED DEPOSITORY. Mr. Tulkinghorn, the depository of the secrets

of the Dedlocks and others, had been discharged, but not sacked, by Mademoiselle Hortense.

5. GIDDY YOUTH. This is one of the figurative meanings of the word giddy. Cowper uses it in the same sense :

" Young heads are giddy and young hearts are warm."

Tirocinium.

6. BLUE CHAMBER. The forbidden chamber in " Bluebeard " was of the same colour as its owner's hair. There were horrors in it of a terrifying nature, and the all-knowing Bucket had the same effect on the effeminate Volumnia.

7. MAKES A LEG. The equivalent in a male of the feminine curtsy. It sometimes, in the less educated, took the form of a slight scrape with one foot along the floor.

Chapter LIV

1. WORTH A MAG. Mag is short for magpie, itself an old slang term for halfpenny.

2. NOBBIEST. Nob is short for nobleman (one of the upper classes). Nobby is therefore extra-special, smart, grand ; and nobbiest is the best possible.

3. GIVE YOU A TURN. This term for the well-known sensation of a disarrangement of the internal organs experienced as the result of a sudden anxiety is as old as the time when " humours " were supposed to govern the bodily functions. (*Cf.* good humour, ill-humour, etc.)

4. WADDING. A reminder that before the days of cartridges the rifle or pistol was loaded at the muzzle by inserting first a charge of powder, then a wad of paper and finally the bullet.

5. QUEER STREET. Any uncomfortable or odd and awkward situation, although generally confined to financial troubles nowadays.

6. VENUS FROM THE OCEAN. Bucket must have been either hard pressed for a simile or he was paying in a rather clumsy way an extravagant compliment in comparing Lady Dedlock to Venus. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Bucket was, for a Police Inspector, very well-read and had at command an extensive collection of apt illustrations.

7. PER BUSS. Cockneys quickly abbreviate familiar words ; omnibuses had only been popular vehicles for a few years at the time of the story. Even Bucket himself preferred a coach.

8. JUPITER. Dickens must have been thinking of Zeus, the Greek original of the Roman Jupiter, as Zeus had a wide experience in dealing with " objects of his affections."

Chapter LV

1. RAILROADS SHALL SOON TRAVERSE. The preparations for the railway are reminiscent, although the details are not so full, of the vivid description in *Dombey and Son*, and enable us to fix very approximately the date of the story. It must have been the late 1830's and early 1840's, as the Great Northern Railway connecting Lincolnshire with London was begun in 1846.

2. CARED FOR NOBODY. Taken from the song " The Miller of the Dee," in Isaac Bickerstaff's " Love in a Village " (1762).

3. MADE YOUR BED, NOW LIE ON IT. The original of this phrase that has been so useful to so many authors and has become a popular saying is : " Lett them go to there bedd, as themselves shall make it," from Marginalia by G. Harvey (1590).

4. SELF-PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION. An old Latin proverb to the effect that Praise in one's own mouth is offensive. William Cobbett, in his Political Register, LVIII, gives it its more modern form : " In general it is a good rule . . . that self-praise is no commendation."

5. GUY. The effigies of Guy Fawkes, usually as ugly as scarecrows, and often simulating unpopular public characters, were often perched on a kitchen chair and carried " bandy-chair " fashion by small boys through the streets on November 5th. Guy Fawkes was shortened, Cockneywise, into Guy, which became a generic name for anyone ugly or grotesque. See also Chapter XXVI, Note 4.

Chapter LVI

1. DEATH AND THE LADY. This may be an allusion to the rather gruesome monument in Westminster Abbey, representing a skeleton (Death) and a graceful female figure of Lady Elizabeth Nightingale (died 1731). The monument is by Roubillac, the sculptor.

2. HAMMER-CLOTHS. The traditional name for the pleated valance of the coachman's seat on a carriage; its etymology is doubtful, but one explanation is that it conceals the coachman's box containing hammer, nails, etc., carried in former days for repairs, in case of breakdown, on the way.

3. STICKS OF STATE. The footmen, who rode on a special platform over the back axle of a carriage, carried long staffs or wands which they sloped forwards over the occupants (a reminiscence of the time when it was necessary to guard against highwaymen). The number of footmen—one, two or three (the Duke of Foodle had three " in a bunch ")—was some indication of the social status of their master. These footmen were the " bereaved worms " mentioned in Chapter LIII at Tulkinghorn's funeral.

4. FELL DOWN. Sir Leicester Dedlock's seizure (fortunately not a severe stroke) gives Dickens an opportunity of displaying his remarkable knowledge of symptoms of illness. Compare this chapter with the stroke from which Mrs. Skewton suffered in *Dombey and Son*. See also the description of the disease that Charley took from the brickmakers and then gave to Esther in Chapter XXXI; this was small-pox, although the word is not mentioned.

5. MODELS IN A CARAVAN. Peripatetic wax-work, like Mrs. Jarley's in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

6. ALMACK'S. A very exclusive and extremely fashionable Assembly Rooms in King Street, St. James's.

7. UNBEAR HIM. A now obsolete term for " take off the bearing- or hame-rein "; a necessary proceeding to give a horse a chance of lowering his head in order to give him greater pulling power going up-hill, or drawing a particularly heavy load. [The hame to which the rein was fastened is the metal band fitted round the horse's collar, and to which the traces are linked. The hame-rein keeps the horse's head up and prevents him from stumbling.]

Chapter LVII

1. ARCHWAY TOLL, OVER AT HIGHGATE. A toll was collected from the date 1812-29 when the Archway Road was constructed. The Toll was abolished in 1876; the original archway was demolished in 1900, when the present viaduct was built.

2. WOODPECKER TAPPING. The correct title of this song is " The Woodpecker," words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852), music by Michael Kelly (1764-1826).

Chapter LVIII

1. UNTAXED POWDER. In contradistinction to the powder for the hair, to which there are many references in the book, which bore a tax. Hair-powder was made partly from the dried root of the wild arum or lords-and-ladies.

2. HORSE GUARDS TIME. For many years before Big Ben gave a standard correct time to Londoners, they depended to a great extent on the clock over the Horse Guards at the entrance of St. James's Park. The clock is still there and is as reliable as ever.

3. QUANTITY OF STRAW IN STREET. Desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to deaden the sound of traffic outside a house where there is serious illness. The replacement of stone setts and cobbles by asphalt and wood-paving, and of iron tyres by rubber, has now caused this very untidy custom to cease.

Chapter LIX

1. OTHELLO. One of Mr. Bucket's most apposite allusions, for Mrs. Snagsby is very properly rebuked for harbouring unjustified suspicions.

2. SOUL TOO LARGE FOR YOUR BODY. Soul has for one of its meanings " the moral and emotional part of man's nature, as distinct from intellect. Hence, if a person's soul is bigger than or too large for the body, the sentimental feelings overcome the reason; it is another way of saying one's heart (the seal of sentiment) is bigger than one's head (the seal of reason). Thank God this is sometimes the case!

3. WHOLE BILEING. That is, whole boiling; a reference to washing day when as many as possible of the articles to be dealt with are put into the copper together. Also applied among Irish peasantry to the family stock-pot in which many ingredients are cooked all together to provide the meal. Hence figuratively, "the whole party without distinctions."

CHAPTER LXIII

1. ONCE AND AWAY. Apparently a corruption for "once in a way," meaning very occasionally.

CHAPTER LXIV

1. FATIMA. This is, of course, a reference to Fatima's curiosity about the Blue Chamber, and not to the fact that she nearly paid for her curiosity with her life.

CHAPTER LXV

1. IT WAS AT WESTMINSTER. See Chapter I, Note 1.
2. PATIENCE. The irony of Patience sitting on the monument of Chancery during a long-drawn out Cause is very telling, especially if the simile be carried further and Patience be imagined to be smiling at the grief of disappointed litigants.

CHAPTER LXVI

1. GLASS CHANDELIERS. Called by Victorians lustres as they had many cut pendents showing prismatic colours.
2. RIGHTS OF WOMEN TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT. It was probably this passage together with Miss Wisk's mission mentioned in Chapter XXX that caused John Stuart Mill to write to his wife on March 20th, 1854:

> "... That creature Dickens, whose last story, Bleak House, I found accidentally at the London Library the other day and took home and read, much the worst of his things, and the only one of them I altogether dislike, has the vulgar impudence in this thing to ridicule rights of women. It is done too in the very vulgarest way, just the style in which vulgar men used to ridicule 'learned ladies' as neglecting their children and household ..."

Well, well! Mill did not live to see the twentieth century to appreciate the part women are now playing in local administration, nursing, and the councils of the nation, and the work they have undertaken during the present War.

DICKENS'S QUALIFICATIONS AS NOVELIST

AT the Birthday Celebration Dinner of the Rugby Branch, the President, Mr. L. D. Cole, made an interesting reference to Dickens' qualifications as a novelist.

One of the things necessary if an author is to fill a place like Dickens is style—lucid, attractive, and adaptable. Some authors distract their readers by difficulties of their style. He doubted very much whether the works of George Meredith were read to-day. Books must be lucid. An author must also be imaginative. Dickens was lucid, imaginative, and adaptable in the extreme. He could describe anything from a thieves' kitchen and a murder to a Christmas party, a debtors' prison, a case in the law courts, or a storm.

It is necessary, too, for an author to be dramatic. He must get to the heart of things. "It always seems to me," continued Mr. Cole, "that Dickens sounds so well when read aloud. For an author to be better when read aloud than when read to oneself, his characters must be real, they must say what the characters naturally would say, and not be lay figures. Dickens supplied names for more types of people than anyone else has ever done, and as these people, although a little exaggerated, suggest similar types amongst our acquaintances, we feel they are real people."

A GREAT EXPERIMENT

By M. K. BRADBY

THE lack of essential amenities amongst the workers constitutes a social ill which Dickens had greatly at heart. For twenty years, in his weekly magazine, he pleaded for more fresh air and water; for open spaces, playgrounds, cheap theatres and restaurants, outdoor recreations, Sunday bands and excursions, Sunday cricket, mass singing, public libraries and popular museums, access to woods and fields for the Sunday family outing. He knew how much these things add to people's happiness, and how little the workers get of them; how meagre are their opportunities for social enjoyment. In the class above, these amenities are considered essential to a good life. To be able to afford hospitality alone secures one a field for the exercise of social instincts which makes all the difference in life.

Dickens held that it was the duty of the community to supply these things when they were beyond people's means; whether through private beneficence or public levy. There was room for both.

I have been reading a recently published book,* the story of an important and hopeful experiment in a new kind of doctoring, where the business of the family doctor is to help the whole family to keep well; to promote health rather than to relieve sickness.

Instead of going to the dispensary for treatment, the patient, along with the rest of his family, goes for a periodic health overhaul, and gets advice on how to keep fit.

A pioneer health centre on these lines was started in 1926 by a little group of enthusiasts for health, among them some biologists. They chose a London neighbourhood (Peckham) where the people were above the poverty line, belonging to the artizan class, the class below the professional and above the labourers.

By 1929 they had 112 families in their care; but they found that these could not be kept in good health, because several of the conditions essential to health were lacking in their daily lives: enough water to secure the bathing habit, fresh air and exercise, wholesome recreation, interesting occupation and opportunities for cultivating the social talents.

The Peckham experimenters are biologists first and foremost, not social reformers; and what they wanted was a field for the scientific observation of healthy human families acting in a spontaneous manner. They hoped by such study to advance the science of health.

So a grand new health centre was planned and erected, and opened in 1935, made of glass like the Crystal Palace.

An important central feature is a large and delightful swimming bath, where the water is always fresh.

There is nothing to impede the biologists' observations, but one gets the impression that people using the Centre (as it is called) enjoy the same sort of feeling of privacy that one gets on the Margate sands in summer time—the solitude of a friendly crowd—and that children rush as eagerly to the Centre as they do to the seashore.

Six hundred families have disported themselves there for four years, till Hitler stopped them; learning, not only the foundations of health, but also the delights of music and dancing, of games and theatricals, of the production and preparation of wholesome food, and, above all, the art of mixing with other people and making friends with them.

One piece of Victorian wisdom, since forgotten, the staff would seem to impress upon their club members—that to have a baby is not

* "The Peckham Experiment: a study of the *living* structure of Society." By Innes H. Pearse, M.D., and Lucy H. Crocker, B.Sc. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 12/6.

an illness, and is most happily achieved at home ; and that a large family is a mother's privilege and a father's duty.

The present-day Toodle family have greatly enjoyed the Centre. Mr. Toodle used to drop in for his tea at the Centre's cafeteria (run on the self-serving principle) and then stow away thick slices of bread and butter " with a young Toodle on each knee . . . and plenty more scattered about " ; whilst a biologist, harmless and amiable as Miss Tox, observed the baby essaying a flying leap from Polly's arms and gaining thereby " its first meal of muscle experience " ; whilst another biologist took notes on the reactions of other young Toodles, who having partaken of irregular morsels proceeded to " perform private dances of ecstacy among themselves, and stand on one leg apiece, and hop, and indulge in other saltatory tokens of gladness."

The Bagnets are another family who have thoroughly enjoyed the Centre, and helped the staff to run it. The Old Girl has careered about the country with a superannuated Ford, and has come to the rescue, once or twice, of the Home Farm, and loaded up her car with T.T. milk, and vegetables grown on the Indore Compost System, when there has been a temporary breakdown in transport.

A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

LITTLE DORRIT

WRITTEN. Begun at Tavistock House, May, 1855, and continued at 3 Albion Villas, Folkestone, Paris, and Boulogne. Ended at Tavistock House, May 10th, 1857.

MANUSCRIPT AND CORRECTED PROOFS. Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Forty, by Hablot K. Browne.

DEDICATED to Clarkson Stanfield ; signed presentation copy sold at Hodgson's in July, 1927, £700.

PUBLISHED by Bradbury & Evans in monthly numbers from December, 1855, to June, 1857, price one shilling each (for facsimile of cover design see page 145), and in one volume, June, 1857. For facsimile title pages see page 144.

The original publication in 19 numbers with green wrappers and advertisements is scarce and expensive. Bound volumes as issued by the publishers, cloth (21*s*.), half morocco with marbled edges (24*s*. 6*d*), and full morocco with gilt edges (26*s*.) are cheaper. Cheaper still are the numbers bound by the purchasers in various styles. Buyers of these should take care that the collation agrees with that given on the next page.

A PROVOKING DINNER

SOMEWHERE Dickens has said of a Dinner that it was one to provoke an appetite. That given by the Winnipeg Branch to celebrate the Birthday was much more than that ; the very look of the menu has made us envious. Seafood cocktail to begin with, and then after the consomme royale, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, finishing up with dessert and coffee ; " to have missed that dinner would have been to miss as jolly and stout a meal as man need it "—there was no need for the menu to remind us of that quotation from *The Cricket on the Hearth*. A long list of toasts followed, concluding with the Immortal Memory by the Rev. Terence J. Finlay. Dickens knew men as few others knew them, said the padre of H.M.C.S. *Chippawa* ; his humour was always wholesome and always irresistible ; he loved the homes and the inns of England, merry parties and festive gatherings. He revived Christmas, and when they buried him in Westminster Abbey, it was not only as a representative of English literature, but of all people who speak that tongue.

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

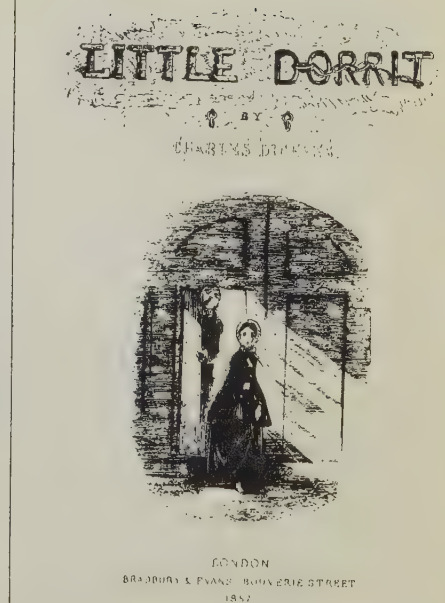
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE

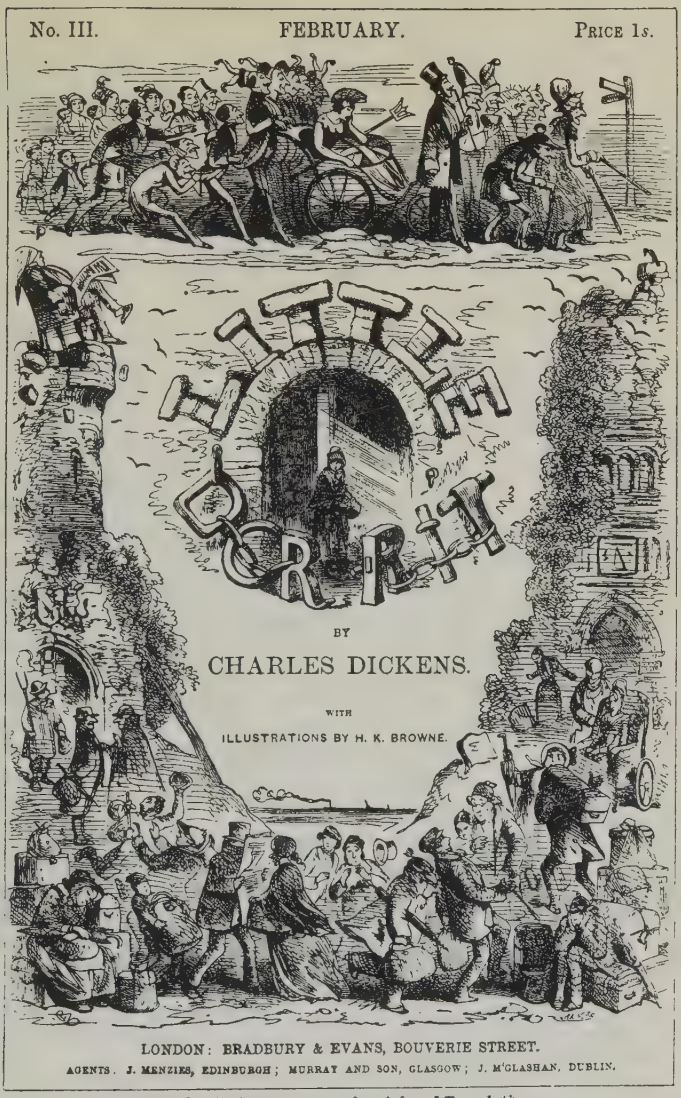
LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1857.

SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date 1857 on both title pages.

In publishers' binding; green cloth; half morocco with marbled edges; full morocco with gilt edges. Collation: Frontispiece one plate; Illustrated Title page one plate dated 1857 (see accompanying illustration); Title page, dated 1857, one leaf; Dedication one leaf; Preface, dated London, May, 1857, two leaves (last page blank); Contents two leaves; List of Plates one leaf, with three lines of errata at foot of page xiv. Then follows the story, pages 1 to 625, with 39 illustrations on separate plates.





The above is a reproduction of Phiz's design for the green cover of each of the nineteen monthly numbers published between December, 1855, and June, 1857. Each part bears its number in Roman numerals with month of publication, no year. Each number contains 32 pages, and two illustrations by Phiz on plate paper; also advertisement pages which varied from time to time. The price of each was one shilling, the last number (marked XIX and XX) was a double one (price two shillings) and contained the frontispiece, title-page, and all preliminary matter (see collation on opposite page).

PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *BLEAK HOUSE*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

Introductory

HABLOT K. BROWNE'S illustrations to *Bleak House* maintain the high level of excellence that he had attained in his plates to *Dombey and Son*. After a slight falling-off in his work for *David Copperfield*, he apparently threw himself heart and soul into the plot of *Bleak House* as it developed, building up the tragic scenes to their climax, and relieving his feelings by dealing with the humorous episodes in the most lighthearted way. Nearly all the plates exhibit careful craftsmanship, and in very few indeed is there evidence of exaggeration or caricature.

Monthly Wrapper Cover Design

The general lay-out goes back to Phiz's earlier and simpler manner of a border with panels, as was the case with the wrapper of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. He had been told by Dickens what the book was to be about (which was not the case with *David Copperfield*) or, at any rate, he knew something of the characters who were to be introduced, and he had worked them into the little detached drawings round the border. A supposititious Chesney Wold occupies the centre piece: it is in a fox-hunting country as the weather vane is a flying fox, and the rabble surrounding it is allegorical of the humbug of the law, a grown-up lunatic blowing a child's tin-trumpet, and sitting in a wooden cart labelled "Bubble," while there is a sandwichman carrying an Exeter Hall placard for the pious orgies of the Chadband entourage, including the gossiping women; each crowd is dominated by a jester in cap and bells. In the bottom right-hand corner are two barristers playing chess, with litigants for chessmen, and a judge looking on at the game. In the opposite corner are two barristers playing battledore-and-shuttlecock with witnesses. Just above is Miss Flite releasing her birds; then above that a lady, presumably Esther, facing the world, with a sly fox by her side; then a lawyer digging, apparently, for evidence. Opposite is a portrait of Krook and his cat; one of Lady Dedlock alighting from her carriage attended by Mercury; Esther's refusal of Mr. Guppy's suit, with an astonished Cupid looking on; and a copying clerk—Nemo—at work. The top of the page is entirely filled with an allegorical scene in the Chancery Court on the conclusion of the Jarndyce action, the Lord Chancellor and his associate judges with a supporting crowd of lawyers, all blindfold, chasing litigants, witnesses, and even the public, apparently to get costs out of them, as one unfortunate is hanging upside down with his money falling out of his pockets. The Woolsack and Mace in the centre form obstacles over which the lawyers tumble. The whole is a glorious "breaking-up" game of Blind Man's Bluff.

Frontispiece

An impressive study of a large country mansion after sunset, enveloped in the shadow that haunts it all through the story, where every mention of the mansion seems to forebode the culminating catastrophe. This is Chesney Wold in Lincolnshire. Its original is said to be Rockingham Castle in Northamptonshire. Dickens wrote to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Watson on August 27th, 1853, while *Bleak House* was being published: "In some of the descriptions of Chesney Wold I have taken many bits, chiefly about trees and shadows, from observations made at Rockingham." And, no doubt, he also worked

into his narrative many observations of the internal economy and arrangements of Rockingham, but it is quite evident that Browne never saw Rockingham Castle, and it is equally evident that Dickens (whatever details he may have used) was quite content with Browne's idea of a country mansion, without wishing him to make the illustrations (there are five relating to Chesney Wold) reproduce Rockingham Castle in the least degree.

Title Vignette

A very attractive little composition, not illustrating any incident in the story, but containing a crossing-sweeper, recalling Jo ; an Italian street musician with an instrument that is not the barrel-organ mentioned in Chapter XXI as affording accommodation for Judy's prototype, but a kind of mechanical dulcimer, often erroneously known as a hurdy-gurdy ; a public house recalling the Sol's Arms of the story ; and a slum background with the houses shored up recalling Tom-all-Alone's.

THE PLATES

1. The little old Lady.—Phiz here presents an excellent " conversation piece " shewing the fashionable costume of the period: all the ladies are clad in bonnet and long shawl, while Richard is wearing a heavy but short coat and the narrow-brimmed but clumsy looking top-hat then affected: his collar is turned up against the " London particular " through which can be dimly seen the Lord Chancellor's coach in waiting in the square at the back.

2. Miss Jellyby.—This is just the sort of bare, cheerless bedroom one would expect in such a menage as the Jellybys, and Phiz has made no attempt to relieve or embellish it. He shews Esther's unpacked boxes on the floor and her outdoor shawl lying across one of them. The lip of the ewer is broken, and one of the candles is despairingly leaning over and guttering. A fitting setting for the discontented looking Caddy equipped with the egg-cup full of vinegar to remove inkstains from her fingers: her expression has been caught just as she is saying: " I wish I was dead ; I wish we were all dead." The little figure in the bed should not be a baby—not even Peepy, who was in his crib.

3.* The Lord Chancellor copies from memory.—A full list of the articles here jumbled together will be found in the text, including the " one-legged wooden scale hanging without any counterpoise " in the foreground, and Lady Jane on Krook's shoulder. To shew how closely Phiz has kept to the text it is only necessary to say that the J at which Krook is pointing is " a capital letter, not a printed one, but just such a letter as any clerk in Messrs. Kenge and Carboy's office would have made "—and in law-hand too.

4. Coavinses.—A capital study of Harold Skimpole. As is well known Dickens took some of Skimpole's characterisation from Leigh Hunt. When Forster pointed out that the likeness was too close, Dickens took a good deal of trouble to make it " much less like. I have also changed Leonard to Harold " (but overlooked it in two places in Chapter XXXI that escaped Forster's eagle-eye). Dickens says in another letter: " Browne has done Skimpole and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original." Observe one or two niceties in the background that help to an understanding of the Skimpole philosophy: the vase of flowers, the two books on the table, the picture of a child catching butterflies, and the small group of statuary, " The Three Graces " symbolising doubtless the Beauty Daughter, the Sentiment Daughter and the Comedy Daughter.

* The eight illustrations selected for the Charles Dickens edition are indicated thus.

5. The visit to the Brickmakers.—One of Browne's effective domestic scenes of a poor family, with two well contrasted groups: Mrs. Pardiggle and her ineffable brood, Esther and Caddy standing behind; while the brickmaker sprawls in the midst of his family in close proximity to an empty beer-mug put there by the artist, as is also the overturned stool—probably a weapon of punishment for the wife with the black eye.

6. In Re Guppy. Extraordinary Proceedings. The humorous aspect of Guppy's declaration is well brought out. The table at which he has just lunched is only partly shewn, but the portion visible has on it an empty decanter and an empty glass (which may account for the whole scene). Esther is posting her books with a quill pen, and the files of tradesmen's bills are on her right. She is one of the attractive young women that Phiz delighted to draw. Mr. Guppy's feelings have so overcome him that he is searching for his heart under his right armpit and searching for it with his left hand; perhaps this curious action is covered by his own stipulation that his declaration is without prejudice! For the only time in his life he is wearing trousers with a loud coloured stripe running lengthwise; the height of fashion of the period was for the stripe to be horizontal, as may be seen in Plates 7, 13, 18, 20, 21, 38. The portrait looking down with such disapproval must be the original Jarndyce whose will was the cause of all the trouble.

7. Mr. Guppy's desolation.—Here is Mr. Guppy with "the starch taken out of him." He has even assumed the red-tipped nose of woe and has changed his trousers with the longitudinal stripes for a pair with horizontal adornments. He has not troubled to occupy a seat although there are plenty vacant. The box in which Esther is sitting with Ada and Richard is full of people, but it should be remembered that in those days it was not customary to take the whole box; single seats could be booked in the boxes up to their full capacity.

8. The family portraits at Mr. Bayham Badger's.—Phiz has thoroughly entered into the spirit of his task. Mrs. Bayham Badger, the proprietor of three successive husbands, quite properly takes the centre of the stage. There is no need to shew her portrait as Mrs. Dingo; it is quite sufficient to know that "of Mrs. Bayham Badger *in esse* I possess the original and have no copy." The deceased husbands are so important (Captain Swosser, the smug connoiseur of a special claret and the distinguished commander of the "dear old Crippler," and Professor Dingo, the botanist "of European reputation") that Phiz makes no attempt at any other embellishment unless the elaborate gilt console table supporting two little cupids can be so considered. Mr. Bayham Badger's astonishment and simple pride in the whole business are skilfully portrayed; indeed the conception and execution of the incident is beyond praise.

9. The dancing school.—An admirable composition full of quaint conceits, not the least being Prince's ultra-graceful if rather stilted attitude and "Deportment" Turveydrop's "hat of great size and weight." It is not possible to find Peepy, but he is probably eclipsed by the voluminous skirts of the ladies sitting round the wall.

10. Consecrated ground.—In this excellent plate Browne gives full play to his pictorial feeling, and contrast, proportion, perspective, combined with a careful reading of Dickens's description, have produced an impressive realisation of what might have been a repellent scene. The fact that the churchyard is hemmed-in is stressed by the two notices on the wall, one advertising mangling and the other a dairy.

11. Caddy's flowers.—This is not an outstanding success, although it contains three of Browne's "pretty young women" types. The faces are delicately drawn and exhibit Phiz's consistency in shewing

Esther as always wearing her black hair tidily drawn into a sort of "bun" while Ada's fairer locks are not confined in any way.

12. The little church in the park.—Not only did Dickens like to give Browne churches to draw, but Browne liked drawing churches. There was one in *Dombey and Son* and two in *David Copperfield*, and now here is one in *Bleak House*; a distinct likeness in the arrangement of the four buildings can be traced, but each has its own peculiarities. Here we notice particularly that the moment chosen for the picture is the hymn before the sermon, for the parson's white surplice has been left in the middle desk of the "three-decker" while he goes into the vestry to don the black gown and bands always worn at that period in the pulpit at the top, while the clerk in the bottom desk is leading the singing. Immediately opposite the pulpit is the Dedlock pew, with Sir Leicester stately and dignified, and Lady Dedlock trying to look her Sunday best and holding a much smaller hymn-book than the portly volume in her husband's hands. Below them is a tomb probably exhaling "a general smell and taste of the ancient Dedlocks in their graves." On their right are the coachmen, footmen and female servants, including a page-boy who "doesn't care tuppence about it all," and with them is Mdlle Hortense in the forefront. By the side of the pulpit is the Boythorn pew, with its owner in his usual defiant attitude singing without a book *at* the Dedlocks, while Mr. Jarndyce painfully follows the words with his glasses. Esther is rather inattentive and is occupied in looking about her as may be gathered from the very full details in her narrative. Browne has put on the wall a monument to a judge to keep in constant remembrance the fact that the book is about a Chancery suit from which you can't get away even on Sunday, but he allows himself a little irreverence by letting a little bird perch on the wig of the august departed. It cannot be said that the singing is really hearty, as the only persons uniting their voices with that of the clerk are one farmer in the nave, the Dedlock coachman and Mr. Boythorn; the general effect must have been rather thin.

13. Mr. Guppy's entertainment.—A lively picture of a typical Dining Room of the middle nineteenth century. A neat Polly earning her penny tip by carrying in a pyramid of plates each with a tin cover, now very seldom seen. This is Bart Smallweed's favourite house, and here he is in his favourite box looking every inch a "town-made article" in a "very tall hat" with all the assurance of the Cockney. He dresses *at* Mr. Guppy, and so copies the pattern of his trousers with the then fashionable straps under the boot to prevent them "bagging" at the knees.

14. The Smallweed family.—A rather commonplace illustration that lacks all the Browne distinction and fails even as portraiture. Smallweed does not look as though "his mind is unimpaired"; indeed he seems to have a pain somewhere; his wife looks old enough to be his mother, and Judy looks too old to be Bart's "indubitable twin-sister" and does not impress one with the "family likeness to the monkey tribe."

15. A model of parental deportment.—Any failing in the last plate is amply atoned for in this one. Every line shouts "deportment." The august attitude of Mr. Turveydrop, the humility of Caddy and Prince, the "royal" portraits of the old gentleman, the bowing and scraping couples on the folding screen; the cut-glass bottles on the dressing table, the spare wig in the powder closet, the highly polished wellington boots, the elegant furniture, and the discreet pose of Esther. Deportment! there is nothing to add.

16.* Mr. Chadband "improving" a tough subject.—Here we have the antithesis of Deportment. Observe Chadband in a caricature of St. John the Baptist on the wall, extending his "flabby bear's paw,"

shewing by the deep crease across his waistcoat that the "gorging vessel is replete"; it takes all the leverage of his great feet to keep the oleaginous creature upright. The apprentices giggle behind his back; Guster is "staring and vacant"; Mrs. Chadband "composes herself grimly"; Mr. Snagsby is ready to give one of his deprecatory coughs, and his little woman is keeping a sharp eye on Toughey Jo. The apartment is the comfortable upstairs sitting-room over a shop, and the Chadbands seem to have taken possession, although the house belongs to the Snagsbys.

(To be continued)

CHARACTER MAKE-UP—III. THE FACE

Mahogany face. BUNSBY, *D. & S.* 28.

* * *

A wooden-featured blue-eyed major. BAGSTOCK, *D. & S.*, 7.

* * *

A square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer, and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. WEMMICK, *G.E.*, 21.

* * *

A face like a staring wooden doll, too cheap for expression. MR. F'S AUNT, *L.D.*, I, 13.

* * *

In his face and forehead there were deep lines of cogitation, which looked as though they were carved in hard wood. DANIEL DOYCE, *L.D.*, I, 10.

* * *

A face that might have been carved out of lignum vitæ for anything that appeared to the contrary. MR. LILLYVICK, *N.N.*, 14.

* * *

The little play of feature that the face presented, was cut deep into it, in a few hard curves that made it more like work; and he had certain notches in his forehead, which looked as though Nature had been about to touch them into sensibility or refinement when she had thrown away the chisel, and said: "I really cannot be worried to finish off this man; let him go as he is." MR. GREWGIOUS, *E.D.*, 9.

* * *

A pale, puffy-faced person with . . . a dissatisfied dough complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's. BAZZARD, *E.D.*, 11.

* * *

Hard knotty hands: and a square forehead, as coarse in grain as the bark of an oak. TOODLE, *D. & S.*, 2.

* * *

The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villainous. SQUEERS, *N.N.*, 4.

His face was stern and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages. MR. FANG, *O.T.*, 11.

* * *

When Monsieur Rigaud laughed, a change took place in his face that was more remarkable than prepossessing. His moustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his moustache, in a very sinister and cruel manner. RIGAUD, *L.D.*, I, 1.

* * *

His smooth face had a bloom upon it, like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. MR. CASBY, *L.D.*, I, 13.

* * *

Had a round white visage, as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago. MR. RUGG, *L.D.*, I, 25.

* * *

Had little nankeen spots, like shirt buttons, all over her face. MISS RUGG, *L.D.*, I, 25.

* * *

An immense obtuse drab oblong face, like a face in a tablespoon. LADY TIPPINS, *L.D.*, I, 2.

* * *

Fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features. MRS. PODSNAP *L.D.*, I, 2.

* * *

Cheeks drawn in as if he had made a great effort to retire into himself some years ago, and had got so far, and had never got any farther. TWEMLOW, *L.D.*, I, 2.

* * *

A knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of material as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprang. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally. SILAS WEGG, *O.M.F.*, I, 5.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SEA

By RONALD E. RIGG

III.

THE novelist himself experienced something of the risks, hardships and pleasures of ocean travel. He wondered that he had never been round the world. But had all the sea voyages he made been united into one continuous voyage, that voyage would have taken him more than half way around the circumference of our globe; and, in addition, he travelled hundreds of miles on estuaries, great American rivers and lakes. He was, indeed, a sea-rover. He crossed the English Channel more than a score of times, the Irish Sea four times and the Atlantic four times; he made his way by steamer from Marseilles to Genoa, and from Marseilles to Nice and back again, and from Genoa to Naples. There were other voyages he contemplated, particularly, in his later years, a project to visit Australia. He wondered he had never been shipwrecked. Yet the *Britannia*, in which he made his first voyage from Liverpool to Boston in January, 1842, was so battered and tossed about in an unprecedented hurricane that blew during the greater part of the two and a half weeks' crossing that for a while he and the other passengers expected the steamer to founder; and before she reached her destination the *Britannia* ran on a sandbank in a dense fog, an accident that again alarmed both passengers and crew, most of whom feared she would be broken to pieces. On this voyage Dickens, though never actually seasick, was for a time reduced to a condition of lethargy, during which, however, in the height of the storm, he once struggled on deck, to the surprise of the captain. For he was, as ever, anxious to observe and record all he could. And record his experiences he did, fully and vividly, both in letters to Forster and in *American Notes*. With regard to the latter account Forster says, "... the peculiarities of a steamer's behaviour in such circumstances are hit off as if he had been all his life a sailor. Any but so extraordinary an observer would have described a steamer in a storm as he would have described a sailing-ship in a storm. But any description of the latter would be as inapplicable to my friend's account of the other as the ways of a jackass to those of a mad bull."

Every paragraph of that long account endorses the biographer's words with regard to both observation and description: "To one unaccustomed to such scenes," writes Dickens, "this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white, glistening track that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient and of Divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its restless power of death and ruin."

The experiences and behaviour of the passengers below deck were almost minutely noted; they sometimes afforded him no little amusement. He tells his friend in a letter that whist players were obliged to put the tricks won in their pockets, lest they should disappear; "four or five times in the course of every rubber we are flung from

our seats," he says, "roll out at different doors, and keep on rolling until we are picked up by the stewards." In both letters and *American Notes* he pictures in his graphic style the man who got drunk and fell on the deck; the inebriated ship's cook upon whom the captain ordered the hose of the fire-engine to be played; the steward who fell down the cabin-stairs with a round of beef; the breaking of four dozen plates at dinner; the bet Lord Musgrave laid with twenty-five other men—whose berths, like his, were in the fore-cabin and could be got at only by crossing the deck—that he would reach his first, with the result that all were for twenty-five minutes holding on to a hand-rail, afraid to go on or return; the violent sickness of seventy of the passengers; his own attempt to administer brandy and water to his wife and her maid, who had been terrified by the bursting of a great wave into the ladies' cabin. "It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on," he says, "they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa . . . where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached the place with my specific, and was about to administer it . . . what was my dismay to see them all slowly roll down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again!" He dodged them up and down for at least a quarter of an hour, and by the time he had caught them nearly all the brandy had been spilt.

To tell the truth, Dickens himself was attacked by grave fears during the voyage. He thought the *Britannia* unsafe, and declared he would never again cross the ocean in a steamer. But though he returned to England in a sailing ship, his aversion to steamships proved to be only temporary. Even the *Britannia* receives his meed of praise. "And there she is!" he writes, "all eyes are turned to where she lies, dimly discernible through the gathering fog of the early winter afternoon; every finger is pointed in the same direction; and murmurs of interest and admiration—as 'How beautiful she looks!' 'How trim she is!'—are on every side." And in a later passage in *American Notes* we read: "Three cheers more: and as the first one rings upon our ears, the vessel throbs like a strong giant that has just received the breath of life; the two great wheels turn fiercely round for the first time; and the noble ship, with wind and tide astern, breaks proudly through the lashed and foaming water."

In *The Uncommercial Traveller* he describes his return from his second trip to America in 1867. Shipbuilding had greatly developed in the years intervening between his two American visits, and the good ship *Russia*, also a Cunarder, was screw-propelled. In the paper *Aboard Ship* Dickens characterises the sound of the screw as something to which, like the voice of conscience, one is compelled to listen. "Under the mattress and under the pillow, under the sofa and under the washing-stand, under the ship and under the sea, seeming to rise from the foundations under the earth with every scoop of the great Atlantic—always the voice. Vain to deny its existence in the night season; impossible to be hard of hearing; screw, screw, screw! Sometimes it lifts out of the water, and revolves with a whirr, like a ferocious firework—except that it never expends itself, but is always ready to go off again; sometimes it seems to be in anguish, and shivers; sometimes it seems to be terrified by its last plunge, and has a fit which causes it to struggle, and quiver, and for an instant stop. And now the ship sets in rolling, as only ships so forcibly screwed through time and space, fair weather and foul, *can* roll." Yet he loved the ship in spite of this insistent noise. It stops at last in the Mersey, and the voice ceases. "A very curious sensation," he writes, "not

unlike having my own ears stopped, ensued upon that silence; and it was with a no less curious sensation that I went over the side of the good Cunard ship *Russia* (whom prosperity attend on all her voyages !) and surveyed the outer hull of the gracious monster that the voice had inhabited."

There are a number of other descriptions of steamships to be found in papers or letters. He pokes good-humoured fun at the strange American river-steamers in which he travelled on the Potomac and Ohio, but gives high praise to other American vessels, and to the handsome and beautifully clean French steamer, *Marie Antoinette*, in which in 1844 he sailed from Marseilles to Genoa.

IV

Equally enthusiastic, though less frequently expressed, is his appreciation of sailing-ships. Of that in which he returned from New York in 1842 he writes: "A gallant sight she was, when we, fast gaining on her in a steamboat, saw her in the distance riding at anchor: her tall masts pointing up in graceful lines against the sky, and every rope and spar expressed in delicate and thread-like outline; gallant, too, when, we being all aboard, the anchor came up to the sturdy chorus 'Cheerily, men, oh cheerily !' and she followed proudly in the towing steamboat's wake; but bravest and most gallant of all, when, the tow-rope being cast adrift, the canvas fluttered from her masts, and spreading her white wings she soared away upon her free and solitary course." And later in the same chapter of the *American Notes* we read: "At length and at last, the promised wind came up in right good earnest, and away we went before it, with every stitch of canvas set, slashing through the water nobly. There was a grandeur in the motion of the splendid ship, as, overshadowed by her mass of sails, she rode at a furious pace upon the waves, which filled one with an indescribable sense of pride and exultation. As she plunged into a foaming valley, how I loved to see the green waves, bordered deep with white, come rushing on astern, to buoy her upward at their pleasure, and curl about her as she stooped again, but always own her for their haughty mistress still !"

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, begun a few months after his first visit to America, Dickens devotes a chapter to the voyage to New York undertaken by young Martin and his friend Mark Tapley. In a magnificent passage, worthy to be termed a prose-poem, he reverts to the idea of a good ship's mastery over the boisterous elements. I have space to quote only a portion of it.

> "On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, 'A ship !'
>
> "Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, 'A ship !'
>
> "Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up,

and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely."

V

At what time Dickens first saw the open sea is difficult to determine; probably during the period when, a parliamentary reporter of the "Morning Chronicle," he went with Beard to Leith to report the banquet to Earl Grey. The first example in his published works of that lyrical mood which visions of the sea inspired in him is to be found in *The Pickwick Papers* in old Jack Bamber's story of the queer client: "There was another vessel before them," he writes, "toiling and labouring in the howling storm, her canvas fluttering in ribbons from the mast, and her deck thronged with figures who were lashed to the sides, over which huge waves every instant burst, sweeping away some devoted creatures into the foaming sea. Onward they bore, amidst the roaring mass of water, with a speed and force which nothing could resist; and striking the stern of the foremost vessel, crushed her, beneath their keel." Later occur pictures of cliffs and a beach and seagulls, and "the glorious crimson path, which, commencing in the middle of the ocean, seemed to lead to its very verge where the sun was setting." It is obvious that even when writing *Pickwick* the novelist's thoughts turned aside sometimes to contemplate the beauty and grandeur of the sea. The phenomenal success of his first novel made him master of his own leisure; he was able to reside where he pleased. And, though for another twenty-three years his home was in London, yet in these years he spent more than a sixth of his days by the sea; chiefly at Broadstairs, Brighton, Boulogne and Genoa, but also at many other places. Indeed, there are few parts of the coast of England of which he did not see something or much, and he became acquainted, too, with places on the coast of Scotland, Wales, France, Italy and the United States.

He enjoyed both storm and calm, as long as he had before him the sea. In commenting in a letter to Forster on Brighton, which he first visited in 1837, he writes: "My notions of the place are . . . somewhat confined, being limited to the pavilion, the chain-pier and the sea. The last is quite enough for me." In an earlier letter from Broadstairs he had written: "I have walked upon the sands at low-water from this place to Ramsgate and sat upon the same at high ditto till I have been flayed with cold." In 1839 he writes, again from Broadstairs: "It has been blowing great guns for the last three days, and last night (I wish you could have seen it!) there was such a sea. I staggered down to the pier, and, creeping under the lee of a large boat which was high and dry, watched it breaking for nearly an hour." In 1861, while at Dover for the purpose of giving one of his readings he writes: "The storm was most magnificent at Dover . . . The sea came in like a great sky of immense clouds, for ever breaking suddenly into furious rain." In 1867 he writes from Newcastle: "The atmosphere is so very heavy that yesterday we escaped to Tynemouth for a two hours' sea walk. There was a high north wind blowing, and a magnificent sea running. Large vessels were being towed in and out over the stormy bar, with prodigious waves breaking on it, and, spanning the restless uproar of the waters, was a quiet rainbow of translucent beauty."

The same exultation in dashing waves can be seen, not only in *American Notes*, but also in *The Wreck of the Golden Mary* and in that chapter of *David Copperfield* which narrates the death of Steerforth in a tempest. Of that account Forster, considered by his contem-

poraries to be no mean literary critic, gives this opinion: " . . . the storm and shipwreck at the close of *Copperfield* . . . is a description that may compare with the most impressive in the language."

Thoughts of the sea did not always inspire him to a poetical or even a literary style. In writing to Clarkson Stanfield he was sometimes seized by the whim to apply sailors' jargon to things entirely unconnected with ships—to sport with nautical phraseology.

But he loved still more to sport with the sea itself. Writing to Forster from Broadstairs in 1842, he says: " To-day I had not written twenty lines before I rushed out (the weather being gorgeous) to bathe." In 1843 he writes: "At one he (meaning himself) disappears, presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may been seen, a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise, splashing about in the ocean." Forster, describing his friend's life at Genoa in 1844, says: " His own bathing was from the rock, and, as he had already told me, of the most primitive kind. He went in whenever he pleased, broke his head against sharp stones if he went in with that end foremost, floundered about till he was all over bruises, and then climbed and staggered out again." Forster proceeds to quote the novelist: " Everybody wears a dress. Mine extremely theatrical: Masaniello to the life." In his paper entitled *Our French Watering-Place*—that is, Boulogne—Dickens praises the excellent arrangements made for sea-bathing. Forster says of his recreations at Broadstairs in 1848: " He reported himself, to my horror, thrice wet through on a single day, ' dressed four times,' and finding all sorts of great things, brought out by the rains, among the rocks on the sea-beach."

Rock scenery always interested and impressed him. Before beginning *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which he thought of opening on the coast of Cornwall, " in some terrible dreary iron-bound spot," he toured certain parts of the " delectable duchy " with Forster, Maclise and Stanfield. They visited Tintagel, St. Michael's Mount, Land's End and other famous spots, and from Land's End they witnessed a scene which Forster declares " each in turn declared to have no parallel in memory " ; it was a sunset over the Atlantic. In the same year, 1843, he wrote *A Christmas Carol*, wherein occurs this passage: " To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth." In *Pictures from Italy*, in which he narrates his Italian holiday of 1844 to 1845, he shows, as he does again later in *Little Dorrit*, his dislike of Marseilles harbour. " But," he adds, " the prospect, from the fortified heights, of the beautiful Mediterranean, with its lovely rocks and islands, is most delightful." He speaks also of " the noble bay of Genoa, with the deep blue Mediterranean . . . the bold and picturesque rocks on the sea-shore." In his enthusiastic praise of the coast road between Genoa and Spezzia, he notes that the " free blue sea " is " often skirted by broken rocks of many shapes " ; and he speaks of a glimpse he obtained through mist and rain, of " the agitated sea at a great depth below, lashing the distant rocks, and spouting up its foam furiously." As he recounts his approach to Naples in a later stage of his tour he exclaims: " How picturesque the great crags and points of rock overhanging to-morrow's narrow road."

The romantic situation of lighthouses on lonely rocks appealed strongly to his imagination. It is almost certainly the Longships Lighthouse, off Land's End, that is described in his first Christmas book: " Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year

through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed." There is in *The Haunted Man* a further reference to lighthouses in the passage "When lighthouses, on rocks and headlands, showed solitary and watchful; and benighted sea-birds breasted or against their ponderous lanterns, and fell dead."

Dickens delighted equally in tranquil ocean scenes: he had an artist's eye for lovely colours in the sky or on the waters. The glory of the sunset he witnessed from Land's End he declared to have no parallel in memory. From Genoa he writes: "Nor have I ever seen so fine a sunset *throughout*, as is very common there"—that is, at Broadstairs—"but the scenery is exquisite, and at certain periods of the evening and the morning the blue of the Mediterranean surpasses all conception or description. It is the most intense and wonderful colour, I do believe, in all nature. He writes to Maclise: "In a certain picture called the Serenade for which Browning wrote that verse in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, you, O Mac., painted a sky. If you ever have occasion to paint the Mediterranean, let it be exactly of that colour. It lies before me now, as deeply and intensely blue . . . It has such an absorbing, silent, deep, profound effect, that I can't help thinking it suggested the idea of Styx. It looks as if a draught of it, only so much as you could scoop up on the beach in the hollow of your hand, would wash out everything else, and make a great blue blank of your intellect . . . When the sun sets clearly, by Heaven, it is majestic."

In *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners* the beauty of the tropical sea and sky is sketched in a few sentences: "All the wonderful bright colours went out of the sea and sky in a few minutes, and all the stars in the Heavens seemed to shine out together, and to look down at themselves in the sea, over one another's shoulders, millions deep." And later: "The weather was beautiful; the wind steady, low and gentle; the island, a picture; the sea, a picture; the sky, a picture." Striking, too, is the suggestion in *Bleak House* of the changing colours on the roadstead of Deal, as the morning sun breaks through a curtain of fog: ". . . and when the sun shone through the clouds, making silvery pools in the dark sea, the way in which these ships brightened, and shadowed, and changed . . . was most beautiful."

VI

Indeed, every aspect of the sea and shore fascinated the novelist. In *Out of Town* he details minutely the effects of the falling and the rising of the tide at Folkestone, called, in that paper, Pavilionstone. After describing the heaps of mud appearing in the harbour at low water, and the slime and seaweed exposed, and the ships lying disconsolate on their sides, he proceeds: "But the moment the tide begins to make, the Pavilionstone Harbor begins to revive. It feels the breeze of the rising water before the water comes, and begins to flutter and stir. When the little shallow waves creep in, barely overlapping one another, the vanes at the mastheads wake, and become agitated. As the tide rises the fishing-boats get into good spirits and dance, the flagstaff hoists a bright red flag, the steamboat smokes, cranes creak, horses and carriages dangle in the air, stray passengers and luggage appear. Now, the shipping is afloat, and comes up buoyantly to look at the wharf . . . Now, everything in the harbor splashes, dashes and bobs." In *Out of Season* he confesses his inability to settle to work, because so many interesting things distract his attention: the Custom-house cutter, the packet-steamer, the trees blown all one way, the shingle flung up on the beach, the tumbling and rushing sea. Writing from Broadstairs, in the summer of 1851, he tells Forster,

" It is more delightful here than I can express. Corn growing, larks singing, garden full of flowers, fresh air on the sea—O it is wonderful ! "

Wonderful, too, must have been for him that holiday at " Pavilion' stone," of which he writes in *Out of Town* ; when he felt like the enchanted son of the King whose dominions embraced the city. His exuberant pleasure in the beauty and freedom of the seaside led him away from hard facts to delightful fancies. London, he plainly hints, seems a region far distant, dreary and desolate. But at Pavilionstone, so short a time ago a haunt of smugglers, the spirit of romance enters his soul ; he would dearly like to go out one night in a fur cap and a pair of petticoat trousers, he says, and run an empty tub, escaping, if pursued, down one of the flights of rugged steps, where at a corner he would defend himself with his cutlass against the coastguard until his companions had sheered off ; then he would dive into the darkness and regain his Susan's arms. At Pavilionstone he is indeed on a glamorous shore. " Sitting on a bright September morning," he writes, " among my books and papers at my open window on the cliff overhanging the sea-beach, I have the sky and ocean framed before me like a beautiful picture. A beautiful picture, but with such movement in it, such changes of light upon the sails of ships and wake of steamboats, such dazzling gleams of silver far out at sea, such fresh touches on the crisp wave-tops as they break and roll towards me—a picture with such music in the billowy rush upon the shingle, . . . as all the Galleries on earth can but poorly suggest.

" So dreamy is the murmur of the sea below my window, that I may have been here, for anything I know, one hundred years. Not that I have grown old . . . but, that the sound of the ocean seems to have become so customary to my musings, and other realities so to have gone aboard ship and floated away over the horizon, that, for aught I will undertake to the contrary, I am the enchanted son of the King my father, shut up in a tower on the sea-shore, for protection against an old she-goblin who insisted on being my godmother, and who foresaw at the font—wonderful creature !—that I should get into a scrape before I was twenty-one."

At Broadstairs a more poetical fancy strikes him as the visions of another dreamer mingle with the view before him. " I have been reading Tennyson," he writes in 1842, " all this morning on the seashore . . . Among other trifling effects, the waters have dried up as they did of old, and shown me all the mermen and mermaids, at the bottom of the ocean ; together with millions of queer creatures, half-fish and half-fungus, looking down into all manner of coral caves and seaweed conservatories ; and staring in with their great dull eyes at every open nook and loophole."

But the sight of the ocean also filled his mind at times with grave and even distressful musings. In *Aboard Ship* he says : " Thoughts, too, arise . . . of the gulf below ; of the strange unfruitful mountain ranges and deep valleys over which we are passing ; of monstrous fish midway ; of the ship's suddenly altering her course on her own account, and with a wild plunge settling down, and making *that* voyage with a crew of dead discoverers." In the *Carol* he depicts Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind over the sea, thinking " what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death." And surely what the wild waves were saying to little Paul Dombey was that beyond the solid shore of this terrestial life lies for each of us the passage over that unknown abyss of Death : for, at the end of the paper, *The Long Voyage*, Dickens meditates : " I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I

may little heed them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveller's voyage at last."

VII

Dickens, however, assures us that, though at times the sea appears to him a symbol of the inexorable fate that decrees to all the sadness of loss and separation, it nevertheless suggests to him, whether at sea or by the shore, comfort, not despair. In *American Notes* he writes: ". . . the light shining on the dreary waste of water, and showing it in all its vast extent of loneliness, presents a solemn spectacle, which even night, veiling it in darkness and uncertainty, does not surpass. The rising of the moon is more in keeping with the solitary ocean; and has an air of melancholy grandeur, which in its soft and gentle influence, seems to comfort while it saddens. I recollect when I was a very young child having a fancy that the reflection of the moon in water was a path to Heaven, trodden by the spirits of good people on their way to God; and this old feeling often came over me again, when I watched it on a tranquil night at sea." But nowhere does he express more clearly the balm of his communion with the ocean than in the last words of his description of Broadstairs, for so many years his favourite watering-place: "We have a fine sea, wholesome for all people; profitable for the body, profitable for the mind. The poet's words are sometimes on its awful lips:

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

"Yet it is not always so, for the speech of the sea is various, and wants not abundant resource of cheerfulness, hope, and lusty encouragement. And since I have been idling at the window here, the tide has risen. The boats are dancing on the bubbling water; the colliers are afloat again; the white-bordered waves rush in; the children 'Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back'; the radiant sails are gliding past the shore, and shining on the far horizon; all the sea is sparkling, heaving, swelling up with life and beauty, this bright morning."

To Dickens the sea was, indeed, a source of renewal of inspiration. His mind was ever consciously or sub-consciously allured and consoled by the vision of it. When contemplating purchasing Gads Hill Place he remarked: "A railroad, opened from Rochester to Maidstone, which connects Gads Hill at once with the whole sea coast, is certainly an addition to the place, and an enhancement of its value." He, who was born by the sea and to whom his father's connection with the Navy brought the first sight of the house that he made his last home, might well have applied to himself those words of Wordsworth:

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

SMALL FRY FOLK

TRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LESS FAMOUS

By GRANVILLE GARLEY

THE "SON" OF MRS. BLORES

Among the many good things in *Miscellaneous Papers* is that delightful fragment with an autobiographical flavour, *Gone Astray*. The adventures of the author lost when "a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature" in the City of London, make pleasant reading, and some of the people he encounters are worth remembering. One of them in particular, had he been fortunate enough to find his way into the pages of *David Copperfield* or *Great Expectations*, could not have failed to become an old friend and an established favourite.

Wandering about the City, like a child in a dream, the young author "suffered very much all day from boys" and was persecuted quite savagely by them. But one of these boys, the "son" of Mrs. Blores, as he called himself, was a practical joker, a much superior type of persecutor. In his small way he was a pioneer too. Just as G. K. Chesterton was the first to see the possibilities offered by a white ceiling and a coloured pencil, so this boy realised the scope offered to a fantastic sense of humour by a white hat and a stump of blacklead.

Coming suddenly upon the lost child he had no difficulty in persuading him to hand over his hat for a moment. Then with a pencil he embellished its surface with his mother's name and address—"Mrs. Blores, Wooden Leg Walk, Tobacco Stopper Row, Wapping," doing his work so well that it could not be rubbed out either! And before we have time to smile properly at his ready wit he is gone again, no doubt to play another equally spontaneous trick on somebody else in the next street. His mother, even if her name wasn't Blores, must have been proud of him.

About his appearance and his real name we know nothing. But the brief interlude in which he features leaves us with a profound admiration for his apt opportunism. Given the chance he would have enlivened many another chapter. I strongly suspect he must have been a good friend of Bailey junior and similar high-spirited youths.

THE DRUM

The *Christmas Books*, with the exception of *The Haunted Man*, glow with a spirit of good fellowship very appropriate to the season for which they were first written. They abound in happy convivial scenes that are always delightful to re-read whatever the time of year. It is significant to note a good deal is added to the general happiness of all by the presence of certain musicians and their instruments.

At Fezziwig's ball it was the fiddler who "tuned like fifty stomach-aches"; at the Peerybingles' it was Bertha with the harp that "she had such a hand upon as you seldom hear"; in Doctor Jeddler's orchard it was a wandering harp and fiddle. To the happy ending of the *Chimes* much was contributed by the Drum.

This gentleman, he "was a private friend of Trotty's," might have been one of the Glorious Apollos; at any rate he would be the life and soul of any party. His robust appearance with his fellow musicians helped to bring the curtain down on the story of the little ticket porter in an atmosphere of noisy goodwill.

"The Drum was rather drunk, by-the-bye; but never mind." Why, who ever *would* mind? Everybody in the room was more or less intoxicated—with the joy of living. No wonder they were so ready to dance, and that Trotty was able to invent "a step unknown, before or since, founded on his own peculiar trot."

I like to remember the Drum best in our final glimpse of him, "leathering away with all his power," making the party go with a swing. This was before the arrival of reinforcements in the shape of the marrow-bones and cleaver, and the bells. Trotty must have been grateful indeed to his old friend and his assistants for helping to make the last night of the old year an unforgettable one.

Applying the musician's own words to himself, I'm sure to echo the thoughts of many when I say " There ain't a soul that knows you that don't wish you well." Codlin and Short could have done with a man like him to accompany their show on its travels down the rolling English roads. Why, the Drum might even have become the friend, not Short—or Codlin !

MISS BOLO

" Poor Mr. Pickwick ! he had never played with three thorough-paced female card-players before. They were so desperately sharp that they quite frightened him." Usually the sympathy of the reader goes out to the old gentleman placed in such an uncomfortable position in the Assembly Rooms at Bath. Mine doesn't—I feel more sorry for his long suffering partner, Miss Bolo.

We have all met players of the calibre of Mr. Pickwick ; they haunt us with monotonous regularity at every whist drive. They look upon cards as a means of social intercourse, not as a serious business. The celebrated Mrs. Battle's opinions on these " lukewarm gamesters " would have been fervently echoed by Miss Bolo. How the lady of Bath must have loved " a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

There is no excuse, of course, for the rather unmannerly treatment of Mr. Pickwick by his partner ; she need not have " looked a small armoury of daggers " each time he played the wrong card. Nor was there any necessity to hold an inquest at the end of each deal and to make inquiries " with a dismal countenance and reproachful sigh." Behaviour like this would only tend to make the poor performer worse. But she had every provocation, and like most good players, expected a high standard from her fellows. I shudder to think what would have happened if destiny had put hard-headed Mr. Miller at her table !

Miss Bolo was unlucky, she strayed into the wrong book. I like to imagine the resounding success she would have achieved in partnership with the immortal Pidger at short-whist.

SHOULD DICKENS BE READ IN SCHOOLS?

Mr. Austin Cross of Ottawa, a well-known Canadian journalist speaking recently to the Montreal Branch, criticised the use of Dickens's novels as school text books, in no uncertain terms saying :

A new generation is growing up that does not know Dickens ; and to this generation Dickens is cursed by being prescribed as standard reading for school. Loving children as he did, Dickens probably never dreamed there would be a day when his works would be a literary chore, a drudging job for school children. Once a child gets Dickens in a classroom it is harder to get his nose into a Dickens novel than oranges into a whisky bottle.

It seems to me that this is something for serious Dickensians to think about, something for the enterprising ones to do. I have some ideas on the subject, which, I think, would send thousands of children scurrying into Dickens once more. Look what our former Governor-General, Lord Bessborough, did for the drama in Canada by putting up regional prizes and offering as the grand inducement a trip to Ottawa, and the finals to be witnessed there of the National Drama Festival.

Think what spiritually-starved kids of the Prairie would do if they knew there was a little cash to be gained by writing a good essay on Dickens. Imagine how they would strive if they knew the grand winner for Canada would get a trip to Ottawa or Montreal or Toronto from his remote and humble home. Instead of children regarding Dickens as first cousin to an algebra equation, or a hateful verb conjugation, or the memorising of English kings, this same Dickens would represent the bright spot of the year, the chance to earn some money—no book prizes, mind you—and at the end of the rainbow a big railroad trip.

We Dickensians are in a stultifying circle. We are selling each other Dickens. But we are all sold on Dickens, so it is all so much waste motion. There are whole ridings in the Prairies where they don't know Dickens from Dante. What is the good of us burning all this incense before the altar of Gad's Hill, when we need missionaries out in the summer fallow ? It's time Dickens for Canadian and other children stopped being homework and became recreation.

AID FROM OVERSEAS

SINCE the last acknowledgements were made in these pages of help from Overseas to the relief of British children in need owing to one wartime cause or another, members of the Vancouver B.C. Branch have continued to make unremitting efforts. To date we have received £220 from them. A noble total, for which we tender them our most grateful thanks. In addition, these kind people have sent to us 21 large bales of clothing, a figure which does not include one consignment unhappily lost at sea. These bales contain most valuable and useful clothing of all kinds, very greatly valued by children and others in the blitzed areas, where, as is the case with the funds, they are distributed by the ready and grateful co-operation of Branch Secretaries. Mr. A. M. Colban, the Honorary Secretary of the Vancouver Branch, writes to me that this is by no means the end. Other schemes are in hand, the results of which will be duly reported in these pages. A grand Branch is Vancouver.

Philadelphia sent us a large number of parcels early this year, each containing sweets, and small comforts and necessities which caused great excitement amongst the children in the blitzed areas of St. Pancras, where the distribution was undertaken by Mrs. Newcombe, the Honorary Secretary of the local Branch of the Fellowship.

The sum of £16 has also to be gratefully acknowledged from the Winnipeg Branch, which was distributed in like manner.

The latest receipt, to hand just as I write this note, is £9 17*s.* 6*d.* from the Madison Branch.

Coming nearer home, it can now be reported that the London Knitting Group has to date, made 1,006 garments for the three services. All but 143 of these have been made from wool purchased from funds subscribed by members. Those exceptions were made from wool supplied by " The Daily Sketch " for special urgent requirements.

Funds for the purchase of wool are now running low. Would you like to aid us to continue this good work, and send us a donation large or small ?

LESLIE C. STAPLES,
Hon. Secretary.

DICKENSIANA

BOOKS

" Cavalcade of the English Novel," by Edward Wagenknecht. Chap. XIII, White Magic ; Chap. XIV, The Disciples of Dickens. New York : Henry Holt & Co.

" The Printers' Devil." An account of the History and objects of the Printers' Pension Corporation. Edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A. Chap. II, A Dickens Centenary. Hutchinsons, 10/6.

RICHARD'S BABBLINGS

If I was you I should wash him.

* * *

Do with him ? I should put him to bed.

* * *

It's a mad world—mad as Bedlam.

* * *

I suppose history never lies, does it ?

* * *

I could exert myself—if I could beat a drum—or blow anything.

* * *

Leave all the blame with Dick—simple Dick—mad Dick.

* * *

I don't think I ever saw a crocodile.

* * *

You must keep up your spirits and make yourself as comfortable as possible.

* * *

Have you breakfasted ? Have a chop.

* * *

I'm only Mr. Dick. And who minds Dick ? Dick's nobody.

THE HAROLD SKIMPOLE PHILOSOPHY

Go your several ways in peace. Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!

* * *

I covet nothing. Possession is nothing to me.

* * *

I may have been born to be a benefactor to you, by sometimes giving you an opportunity of assisting me in my little perplexities.

* * *

I almost feel as if *you* ought to be grateful to *me*, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity.

* * *

My butcher says to me that he wants that little bill. It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature, that he always calls it a "little" bill—to make the payment appear easy to both of us.

* * *

I am a child among you worldly grumblers, and not called upon to account to you or myself for anything.

* * *

I am constantly being taken in these nets, and am constantly being bailed out—like a boat. Or paid off—like a ship's company. Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money. But Somebody does it. I get out by Somebody's means; I am not like the starling; I get out. If you were to ask me who Somebody is, upon my word I couldn't tell you. Let us drink to Somebody. God bless him!

* * *

Something and fourpence was the amount; I forget the pounds and shillings, but I know it ended with fourpence, because it struck me at the time as being so odd that I could owe anybody fourpence——

* * *

Every man's not obliged to be solvent. I am not. I never was . . . I owe as much as good-natured people will let me owe. If they don't stop, why should I? There you have Harold Skimpole in little. If that's responsibility, I am responsible.

* * *

This is my frugal breakfast. Some men want legs of beef and mutton for breakfast; I don't. Give me my peach, my cup of coffee, and my claret; I am content. I don't want them for themselves, but they remind me of the sun. There's nothing solar about legs of beef and mutton. Mere animal satisfaction!

* * *

Time is no object here. We never know what o'clock it is, and we never care. Not the way to get on in life, you'll tell me? Certainly. But we *don't* get on in life. We don't pretend to do it.

* * *

Suppose I say to a man, how much? Suppose the man says to me seven and sixpence? I know nothing about seven and sixpence. It is impossible for me to pursue the subject, with any consideration for the man. I don't go about asking busy people what seven and sixpence is in Moorish—which I don't understand. Why should I go about asking them what seven and sixpence is in Money—which I don't understand?

* * *

This is my Beauty daughter, Arethusa—plays and sings odds and ends like her father. This is my Sentiment daughter, Laura—plays a little but don't sing. This is my Comedy daughter—Kitty—sings a little but don't play. We all draw a little, and compose a little, and none of us have any idea of time or money.

* * *

It is pleasant, and it is whimsically interesting, to trace peculiarities in families. In this family we are all children, and I am the youngest.

* * *

It will sound very strange . . . I dare say, that we know nothing about chops in this house. But we don't; not the least. We can't cook anything whatever. A needle and thread we don't know how to use.

* * *

We admire the people who possess the practical wisdom we want; but we don't quarrel with them. Then why should they quarrel with us? Live, and let live, we say to them. Live upon your practical wisdom, and let us live upon you!

* * *

However our business capacities may vary, we are all children of one great mother, Nature. On this blooming summer morning here you see me with flowers before me, fruit upon the table, the cloudless sky above me, the air full of fragrance, contemplating Nature. I entreat you, by our common brotherhood, not to interpose between me and a subject so sublime, the absurd figure of an angry baker.

Mr. Glanville Mason recently had the pleasure of giving a lecture on Dickens to the W.R.N.S. stationed at Gads Hill Place and due for service elsewhere. Such was their complete enjoyment of all he had to tell them of Dickens's long association with their present home, and with the neighbourhood, that now they are sorry to be leaving!

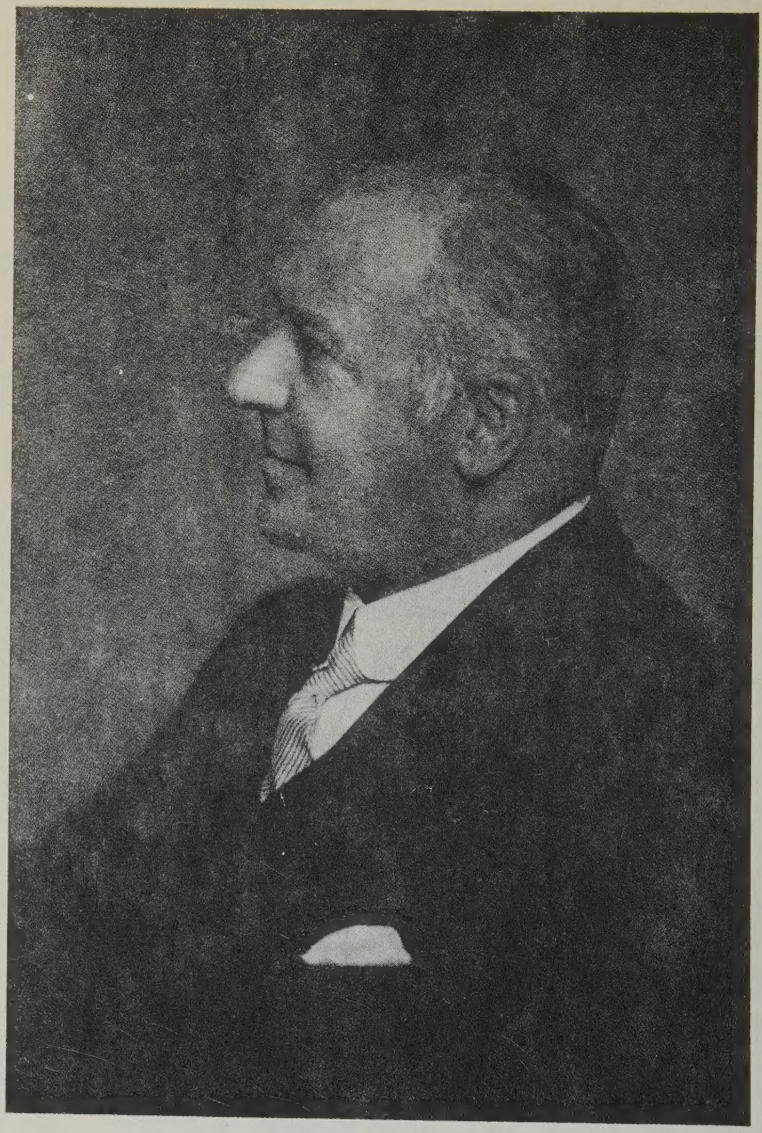


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry*

Walter Dexter

Born June 7, 1877 Died May 16, 1944